

# BAREFOOT GEN

WRITING THE TRUTH

VOLUME SIX



Keiji  
Nakazawa





*Barefoot Gen* is the powerful, tragic, autobiographical story of the bombing of Hiroshima and its aftermath, seen through the eyes of the artist as a young boy growing up in Japan. The honest portrayal of emotions and experiences speaks to children and adults everywhere. *Barefoot Gen* serves as a reminder of the suffering war brings to innocent people, and as a unique documentation of an especially horrible source of suffering, the atomic bomb. This is part six of a ten-part series.

"*Gen* effectively bears witness to one of the central horrors of our time. Give yourself over to... this extraordinary book; get used to those dewy-eyed faces and the unfamiliar story-telling conventions of Japanese manga (comix to us). This vivid and harrowing story will then burn a radioactive crater in your memory that will never let you forget it. *Gen* is one of those very few comix that actually pulls off the essential magic trick... those little marks on paper come to fully realized life."

Art Spiegelman, cartoonist  
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *Maus*

"...some of the best comics ever done... Nakazawa, I'm sure, will be considered one of the great comic artists of this century, because he tells the truth in a plain, straightforward way, filled with real human feelings."

R. Crumb, cartoonist

"Nakazawa's graphic presentation of what it was like to survive the bombing of Hiroshima should be required reading for all citizens, beginning with the President. Perhaps then we might gain the maturity to stop such madness."

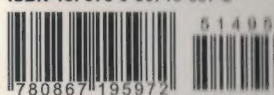
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⑥ BAREFOOT GEN  
WRITING THE TRUTH

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# BAREFOOT GEN

## WRITING THE TRUTH

VOLUME SIX



Keiji  
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# **BAREFOOT GEN**

## **VOLUME SIX: WRITING THE TRUTH**

**KEIJI NAKAZAWA**

**Translated by Project Gen**



**LAST GASP OF SAN FRANCISCO**

## Comments about *Gen*

by Japanese Fourth-Graders

As part of his "Life Class," Mr. Koichi Matsushita, a fourth-grade teacher at Meiko Elementary School in Hakusan City, Ishikawa Prefecture, invited me to speak to his students about *Barefoot Gen* in September, 2004. I explained to them why we believe that *Gen* serves as a bridge to peace and showed them some of the editions of *Gen* published in different languages, including the Russian and English translations produced by Project Gen. It turned out that half of the students in the class had already read *Gen*.

Some of the questions the students asked me were:

"Why did you translate *Gen* into English and Russian?"  
"What were some of the difficulties you had to deal with?"  
"What do you plan to do next?"

At the end, one student asked, "What can we do?"

This is what I answered:

If you haven't read *Barefoot Gen* yet, please do so. If the book makes some kind of impression on you, please put your comments in a letter to Project Gen, so we can translate and publish them for readers outside of Japan as well.

Many of the students did just that. What follows is a sampling of the comments they sent to us after reading *Gen*. We hope that readers of all ages of this English edition will send us their comments too. Please write to:

Project Gen, c/o Asazuma, Nagasaka 3-10-20,  
Kanazawa 921-8112, Japan.

- Namie Asazuma  
Coordinator, Project Gen

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Edited by Alan Gleason and Colin Turner  
Production: Colin Turner  
Layout: Chris Long

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"I cannot imagine life without my family. But Gen witnessed the deaths of his family members."

- Yuria Akasaka

"What was most horrifying for me was the dropping of the atomic bomb that killed so many people in Hiroshima. And Gen was an eyewitness to that scene. There is a lot I want to know about this story."

- Kazuteru Fujita

"I think wars are terrifying. There are many people who are fighting even now. Why don't they seek a peaceful world?"

- Haruna Honda

"I was glad to see Gen recover from the loss of his family. I want to work for world peace."

- Taku Koga

"I thought *Barefoot Gen* described the reality of war. Gen really put his wits to work to make money and feed his sister Tomoko."

- Miyuki Kyosai

"I realized after reading *Barefoot Gen* that war is horrible. This book made me think about the horror of wars and the current peace we enjoy. Now everyone in my class is absorbed in *Gen*."

- Shoko Muko

"Even though Gen lost his father, sister and brother, he lived an active life and encouraged the people around him."

- Masashi Nishita

"I think Gen's father was right to be against the war. I want to do what I can do to stop wars and help people in war-affected regions."

- Momori Ofude

"Seeing those pictures, I was horrified. I thought the text in the balloons made the horror even greater. I would like to read the English version of *Gen*, even though it would be difficult for me."

- Mao Ogata

"If there were a war now my family and I would not survive. Current news about wars gets me worried. Seeing the death of human beings is very sad."

- Takuya Sakamoto

"During the war, people were all desperately in need, so they didn't help each other. But Gen encouraged others and helped them. He is amazing."

- Daichi Sano

"I thought Gen's dreams about his father, sister and brother showed the importance of family for him. The idea of losing my family scares me."

- Misaki Shoda



"I thought I already knew about the cruelty of war, but I only got to know the reality of war by reading this book. The deaths of Gen's friends and the babies make me sad."

- *Reina Tanaka*

"I half cried while reading *Gen*. I wish I had Gen's courage. He supported his family, which especially impressed me."

- *Soraya Taniguchi*

"Through the English and Russian versions of *Gen*, I hope people around the world will stop war and live in harmony."

- *Miku Ushiroyama*

"Most of the people near the epicenter of the Hiroshima atomic bomb blast died. We want no more atomic bombs. Without wars, people would live longer."

- *Kazuya Yata*

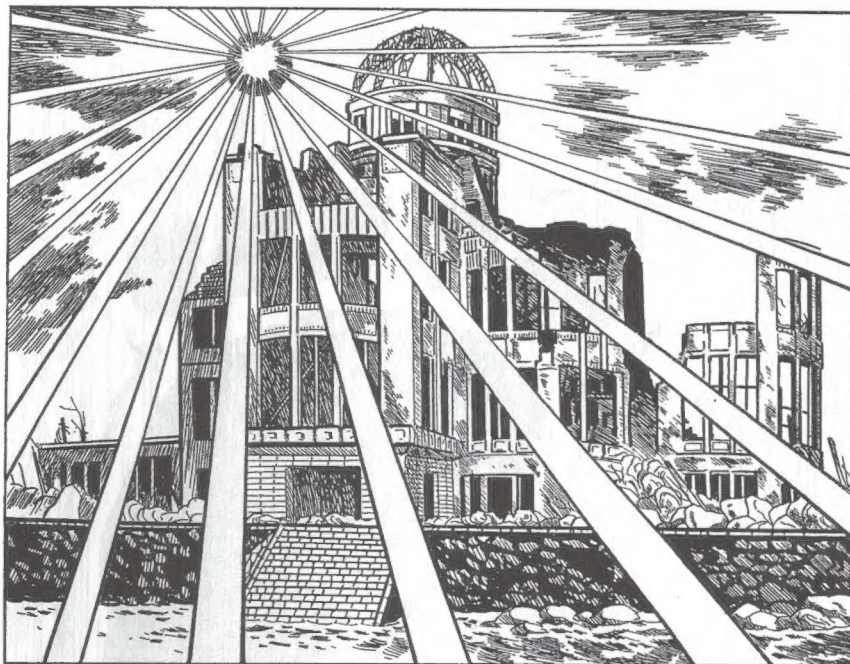
## **BAREFOOT GEN**

### **WRITING THE TRUTH**

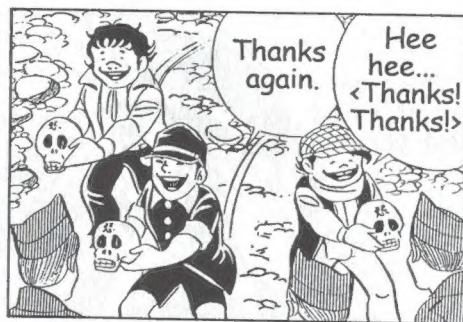
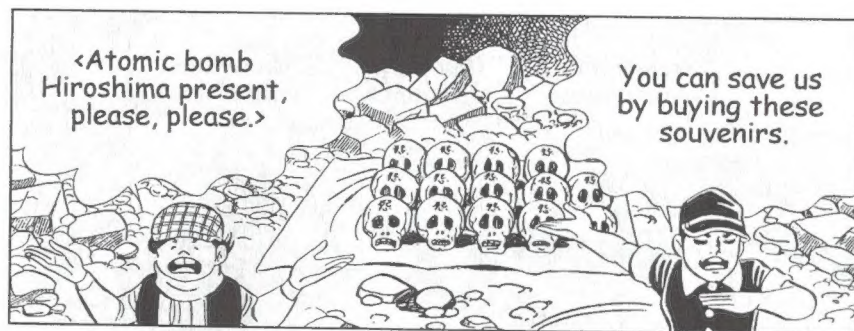








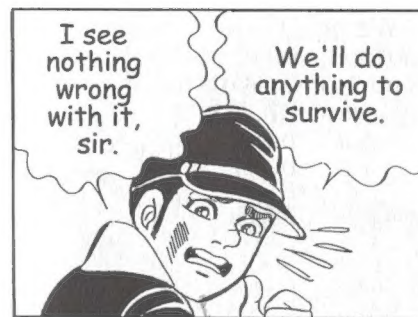
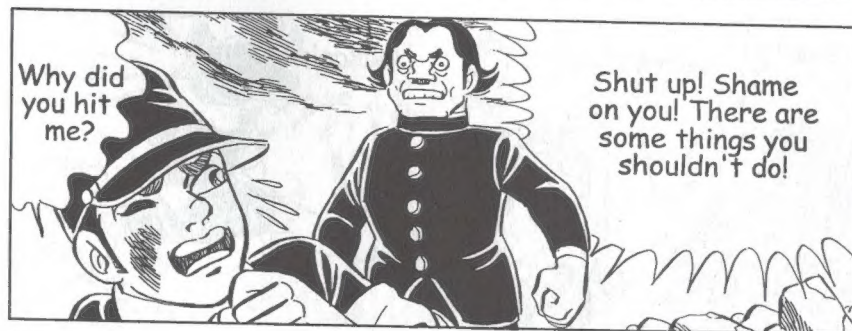
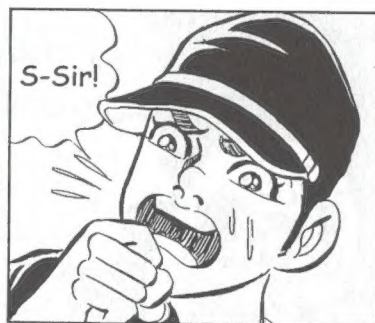
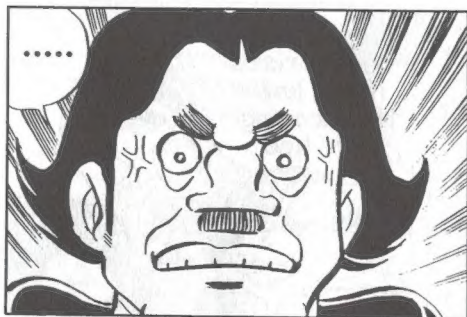




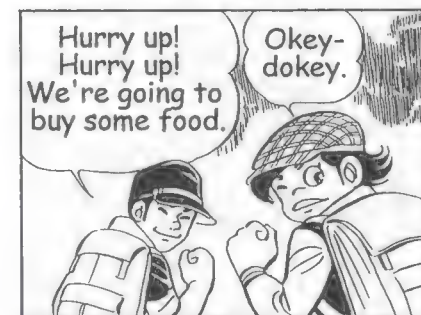
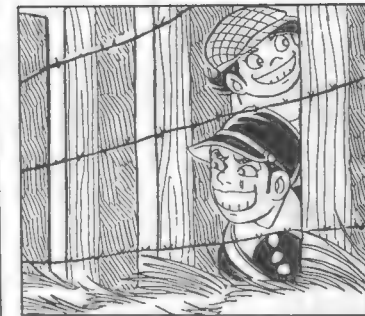
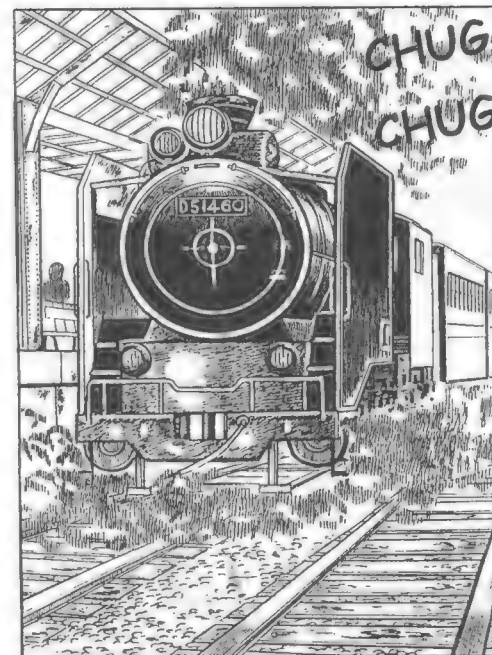
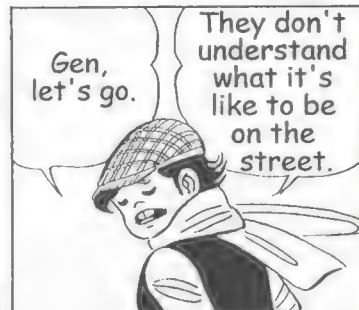
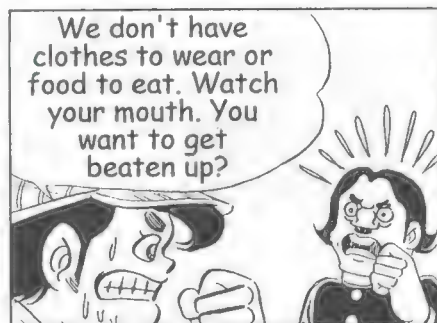
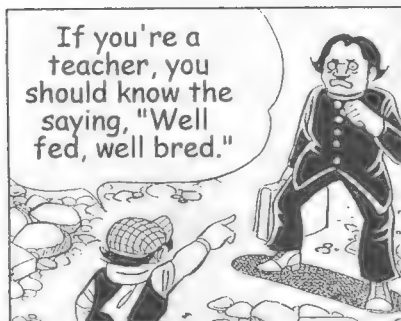
怨: bitterness



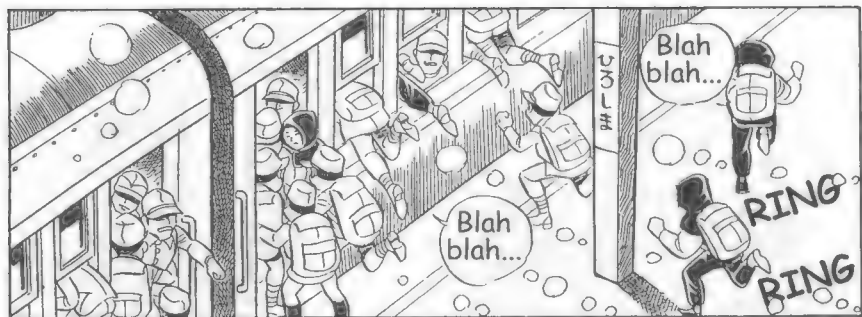




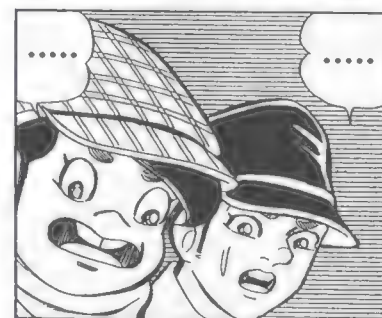
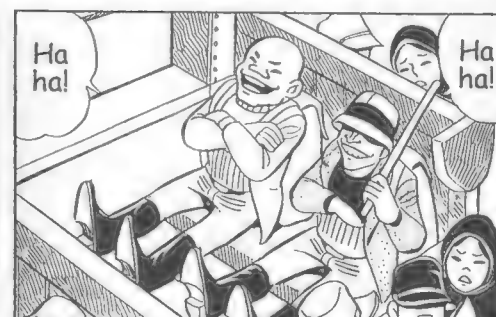
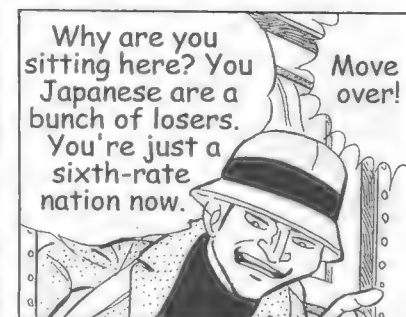
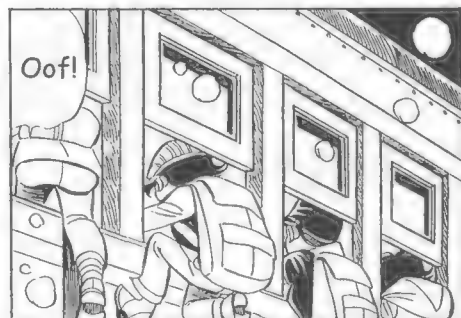
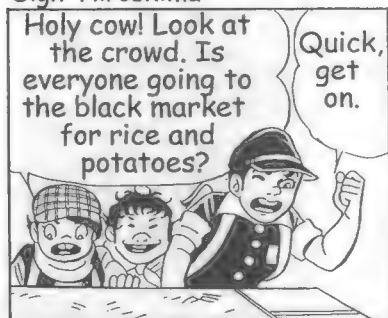




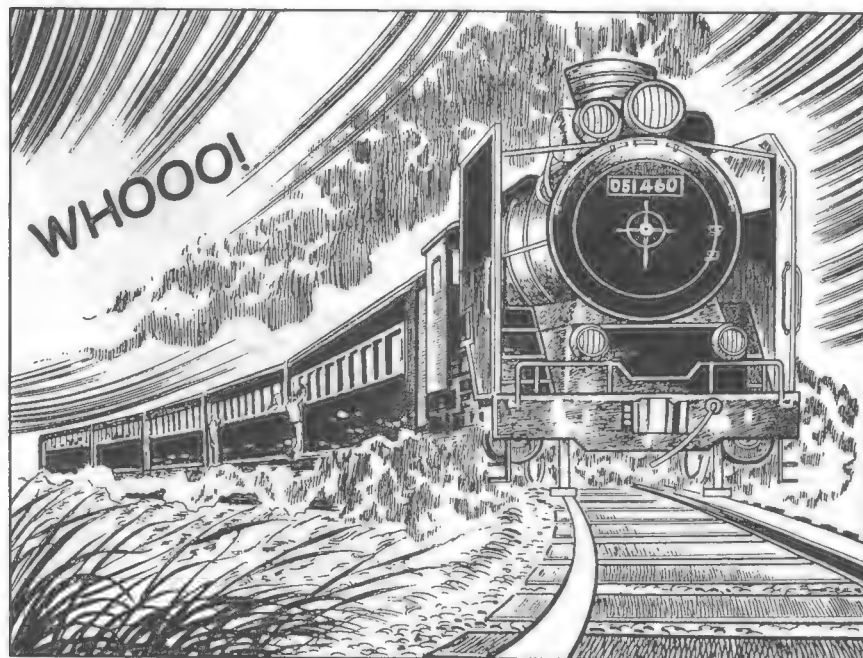
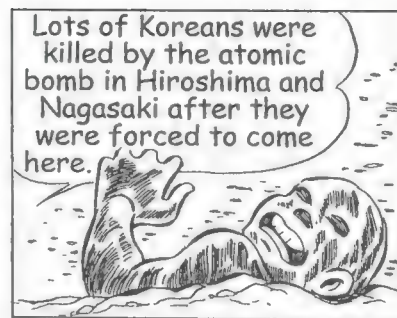




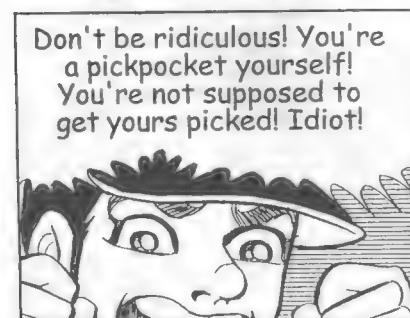
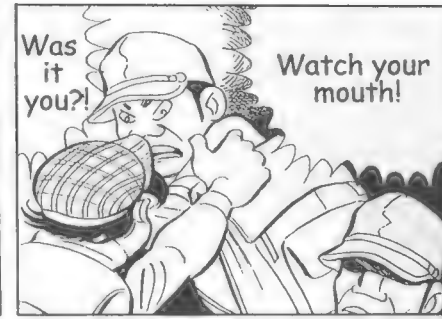
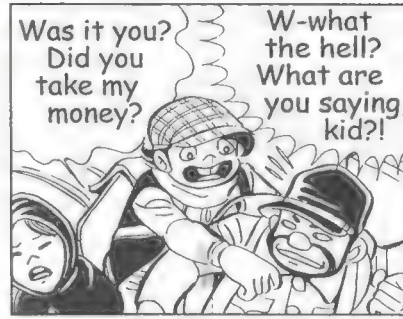
Sign: Hiroshima



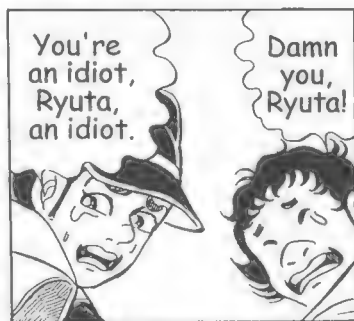
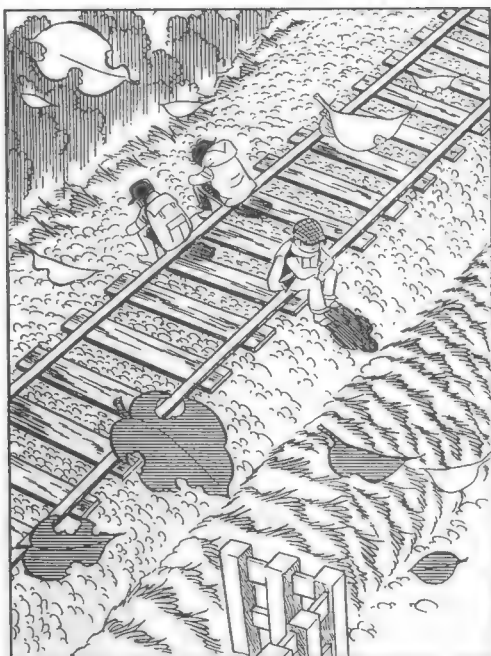






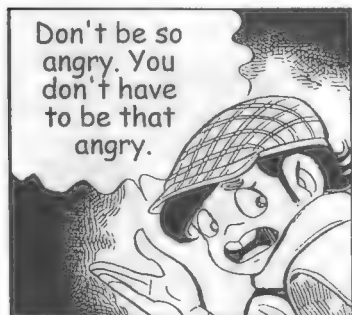






You're an idiot, Ryuta, an idiot.

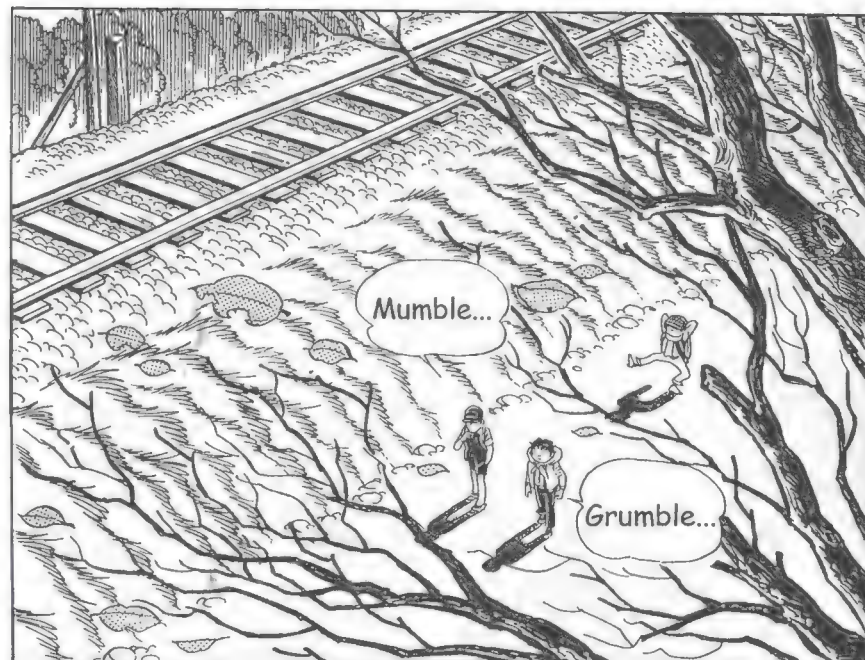
Damn you, Ryuta!



Don't be so angry. You don't have to be that angry.



Sob...



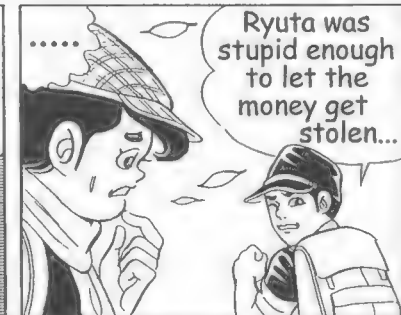
Mumble...

Grumble...



Damn... What did we come all this way for?

Yeah, I thought we could buy tons of food...



.....

Ryuta was stupid enough to let the money get stolen...



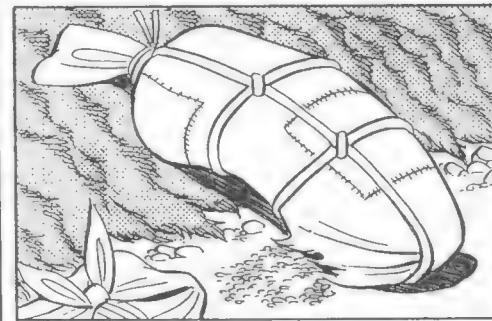
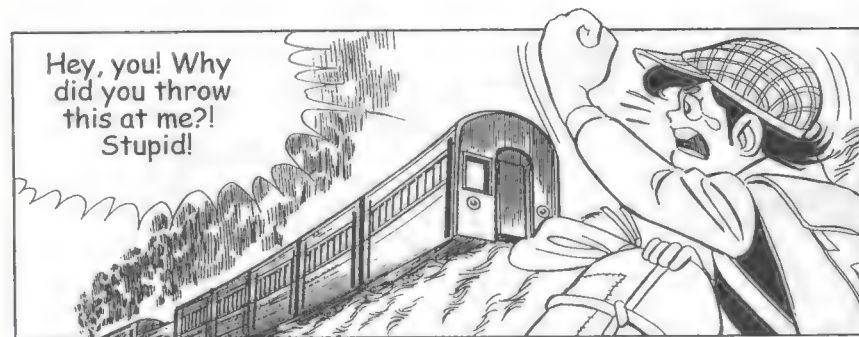
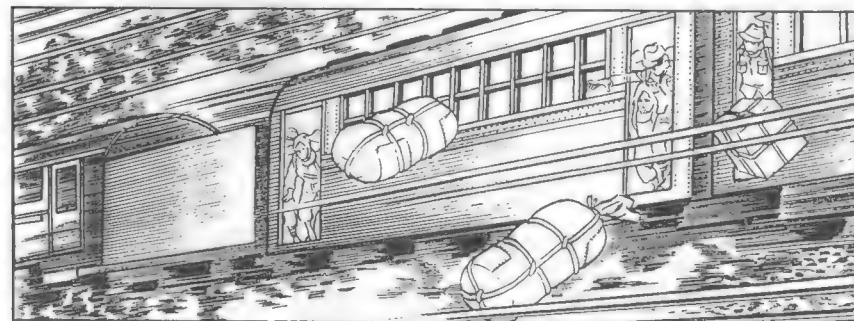
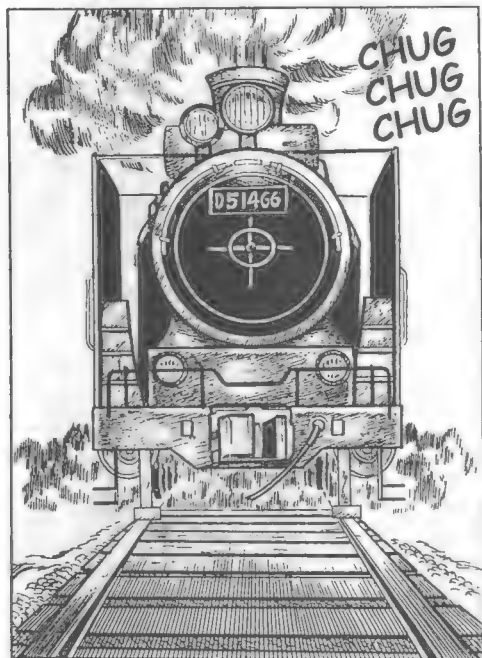
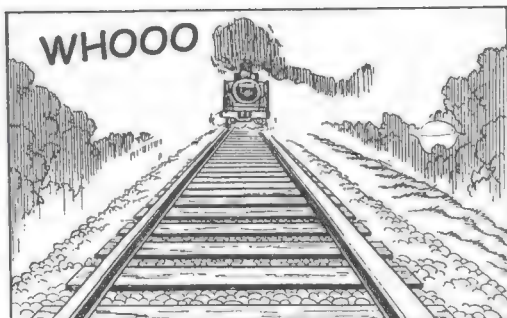
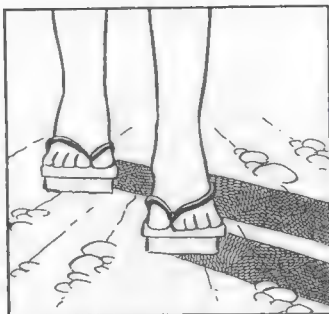
Can we just drop it? Don't be so angry with me, please...



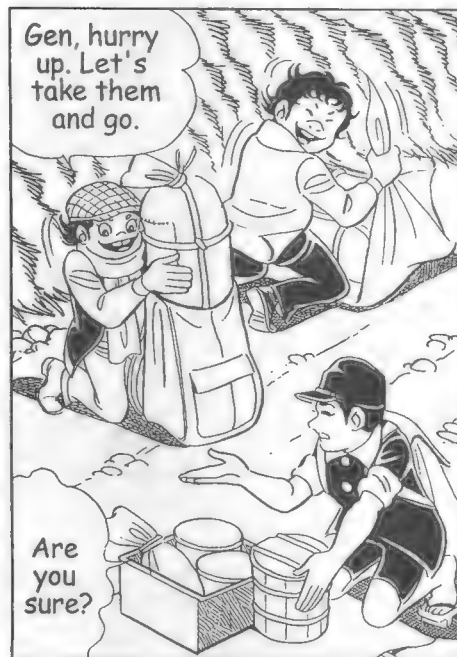
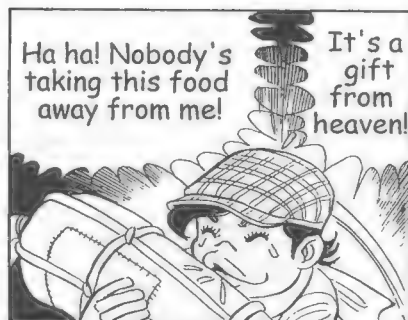
I don't want to walk anymore.

I'm hungry.

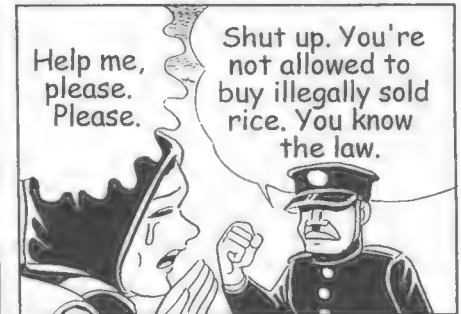
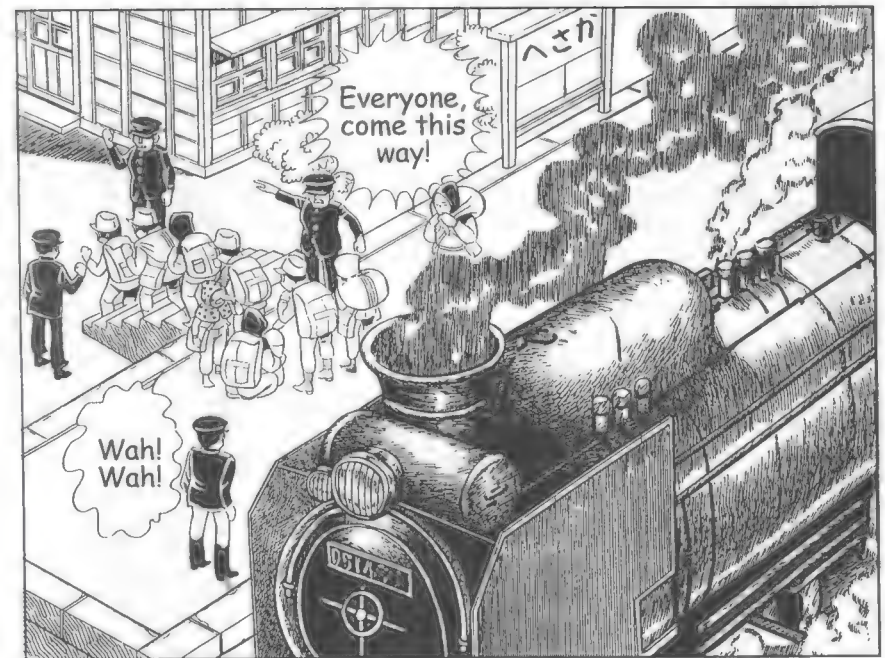
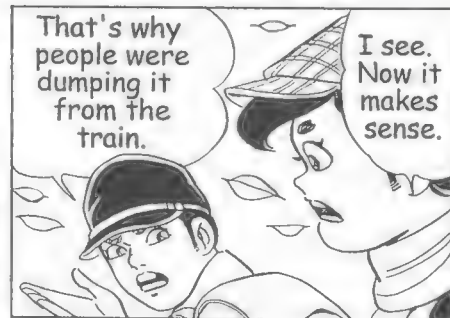
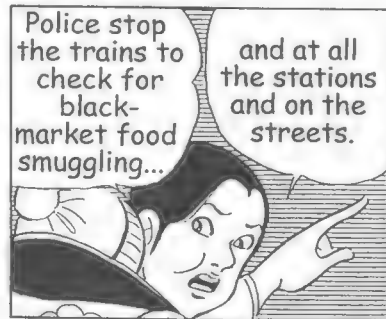










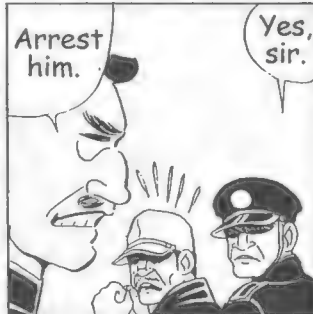




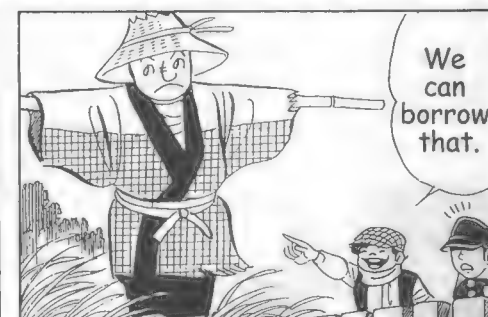
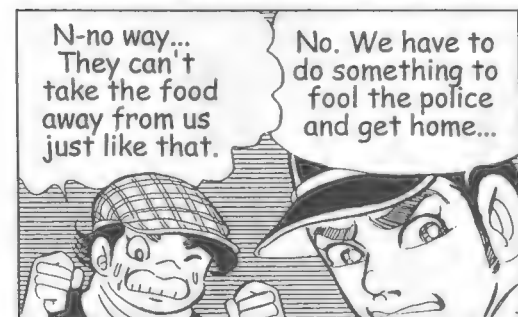


Mister,  
please let  
me go.

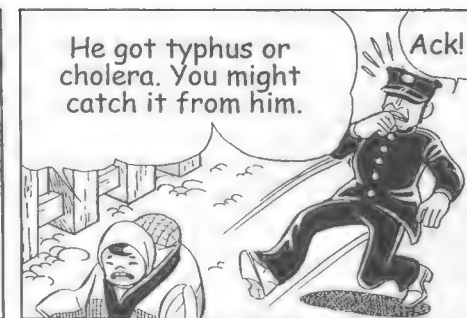
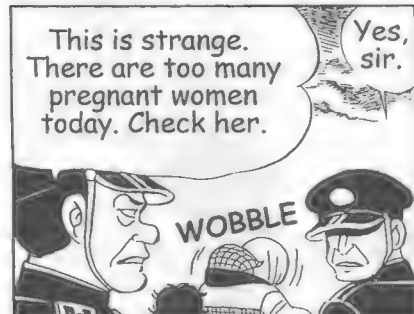
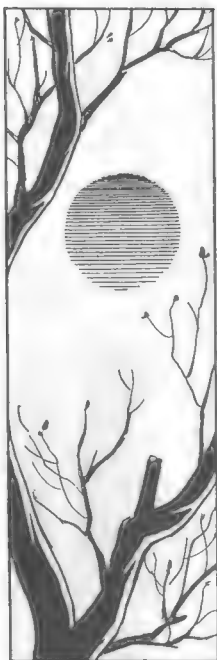
Shut up! You're a  
habitual offender!  
You're going to  
jail! This is it!



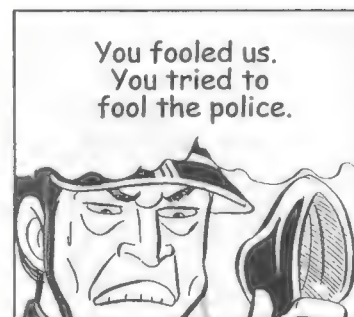
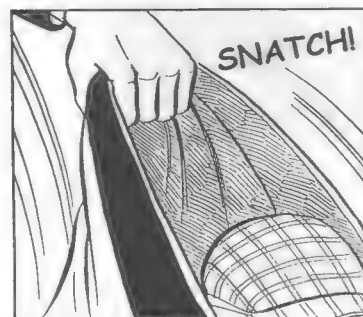
Sign: Checkpoint



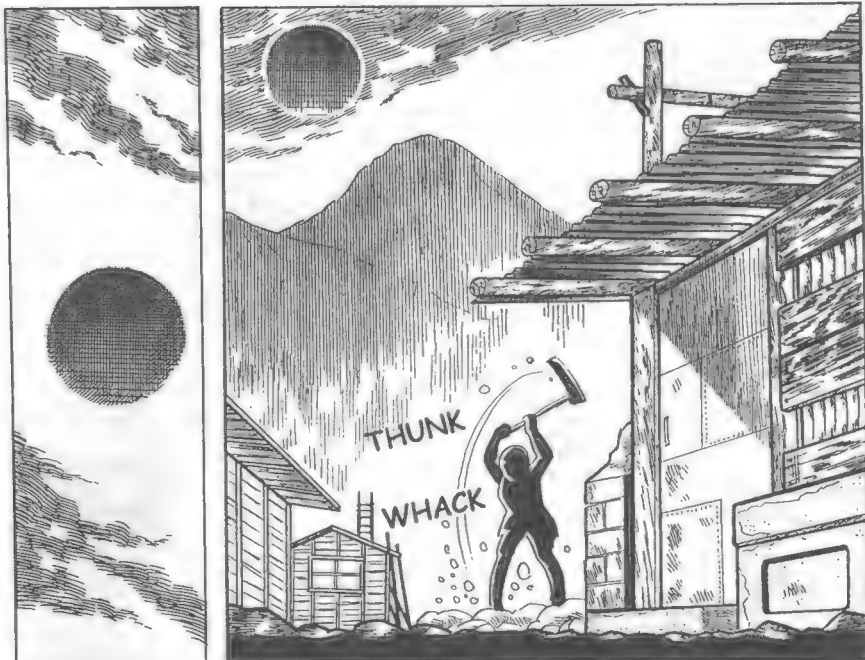




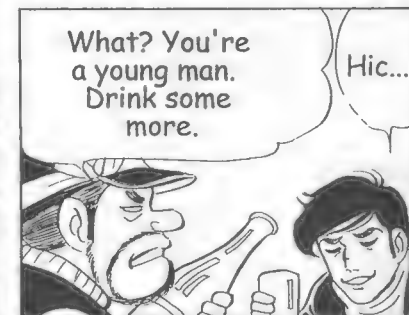
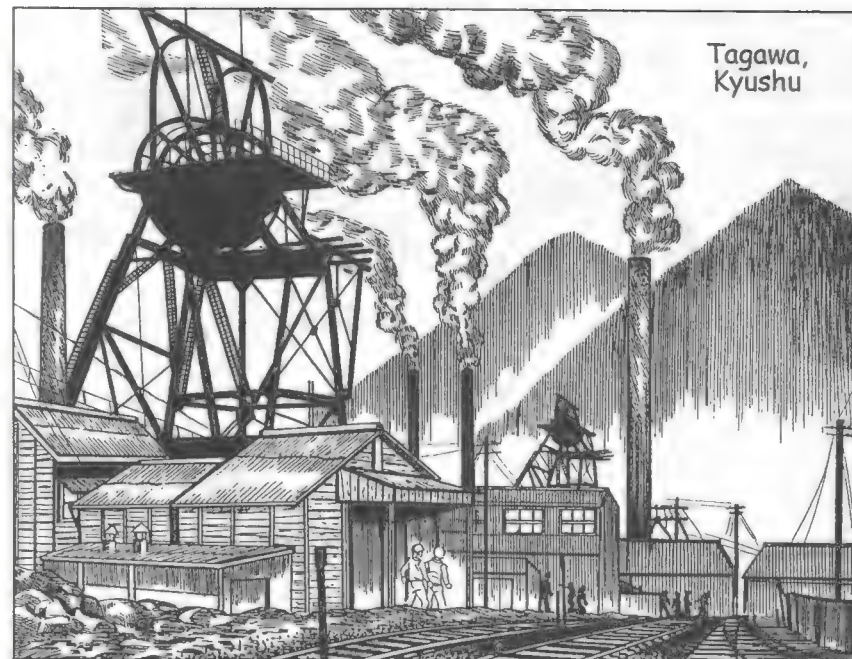














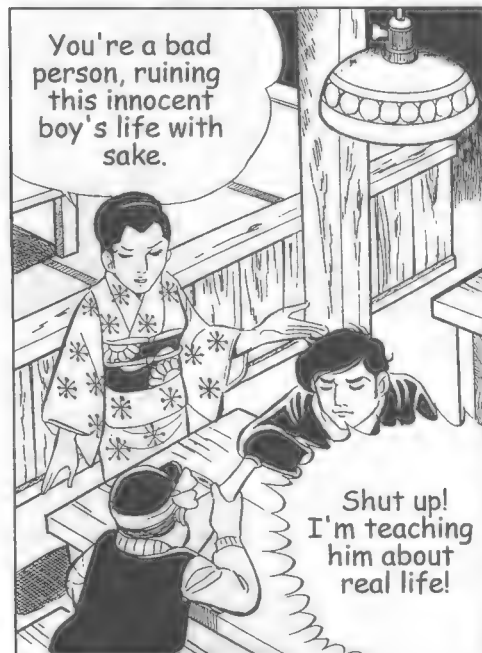


Have some more!

No, I can't...



Tatsu, cut it out.



You're a bad person, ruining this innocent boy's life with sake.

Shut up! I'm teaching him about real life!



Ha! Some lesson!

You just want his money.

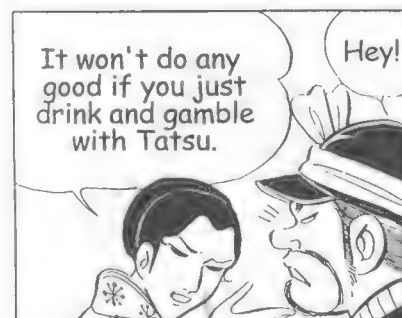


Shut up! Leave us alone!



Boy, go home now.

Didn't you come to this mine for some reason?



It won't do any good if you just drink and gamble with Tatsu.

Hey!

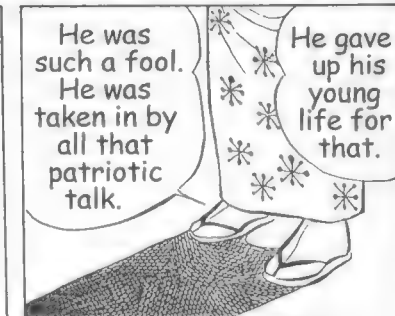


Hey, woman, didn't you hear me say, "Shut up"?!

This boy doesn't seem like a stranger to me...



He reminds me of my brother. He died as a volunteer Kamikaze pilot.



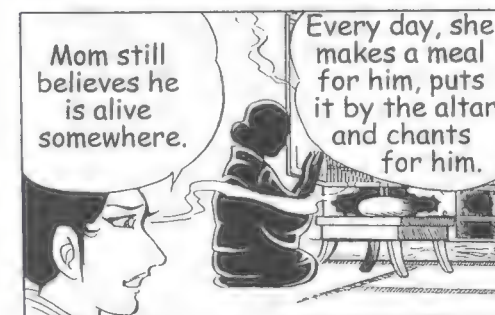
He was such a fool. He was taken in by all that patriotic talk.

He gave up his young life for that.



I miss him.

My brother and I were very close...



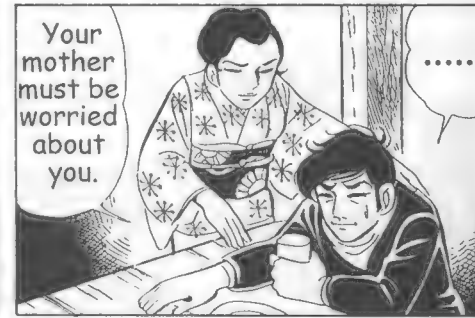
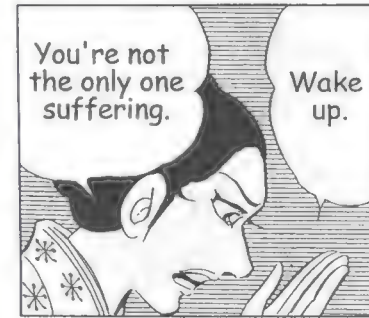
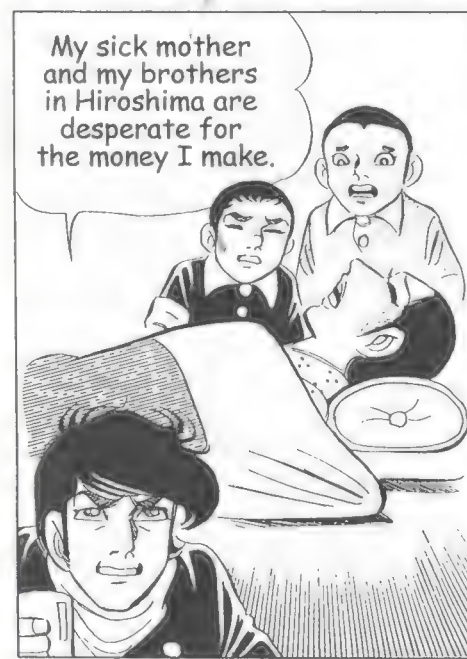
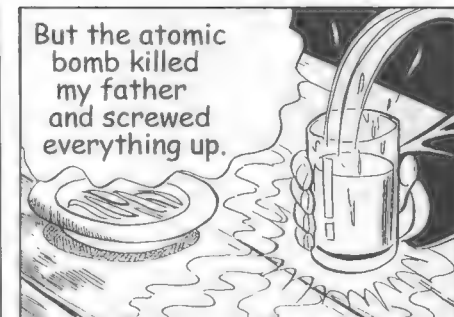
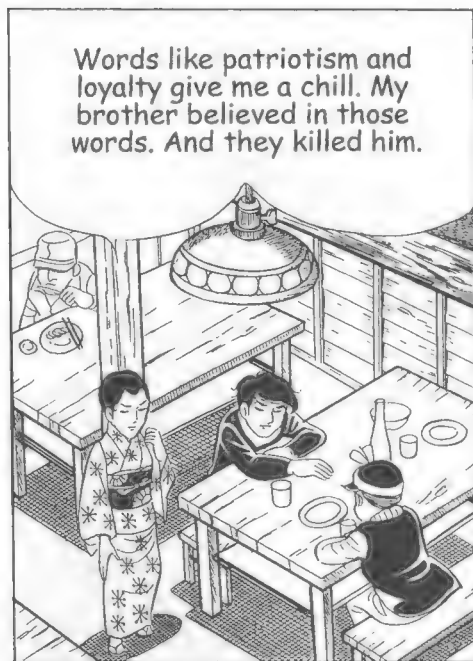
Mom still believes he is alive somewhere.

Every day, she makes a meal for him, puts it by the altar and chants for him.



It's damn depressing.





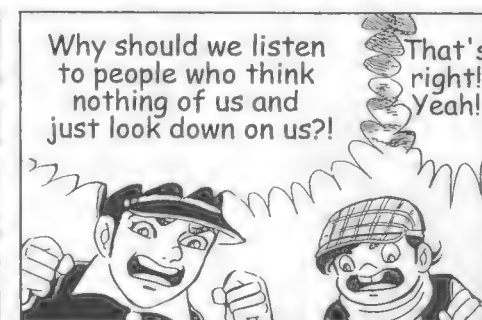
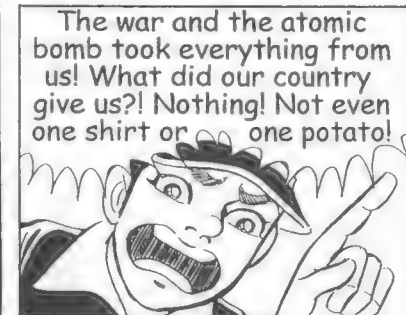
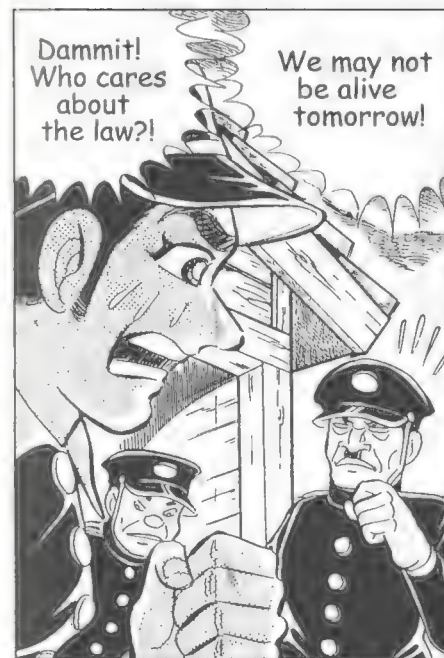
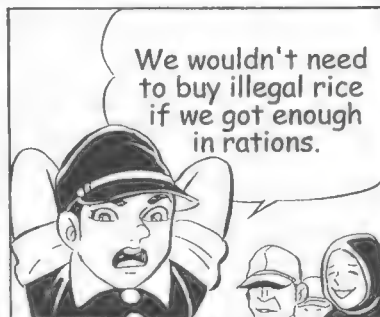




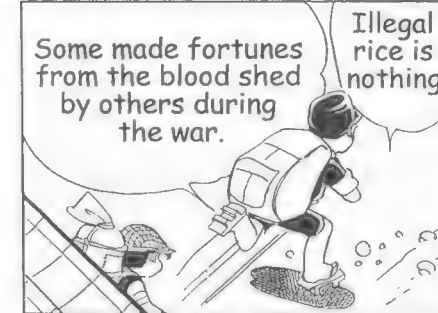
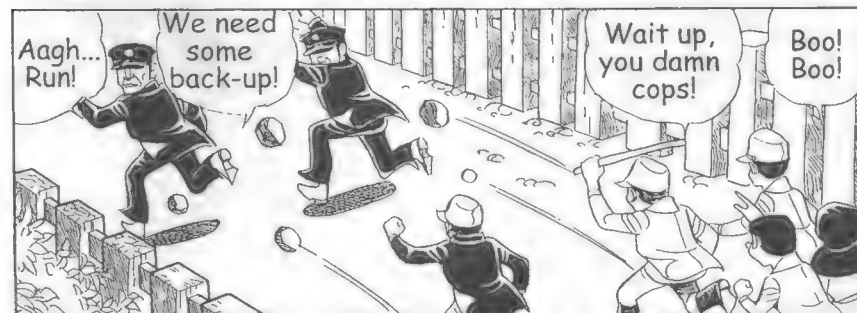
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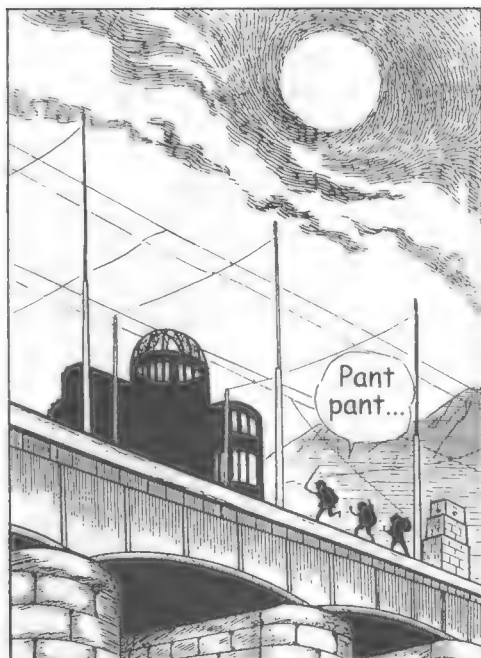












Pant  
pant...



Yippee!  
We're  
back in  
Hiroshima.

Banzai!  
Banzai!



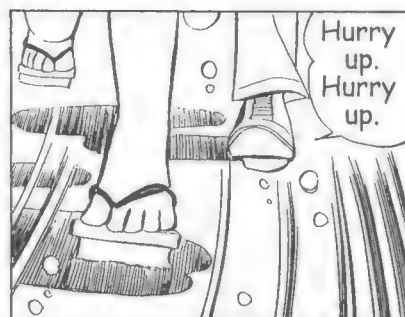
We did  
it! We  
did it!

Yeah!

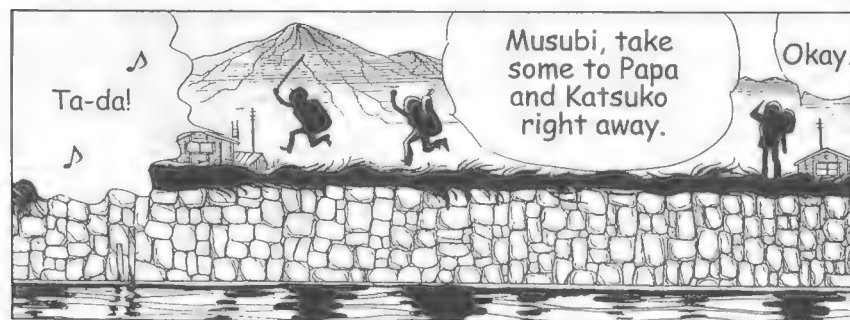


I want Mama  
to eat soon so  
she'll get  
more energy.

Yeah!  
Make her  
happy.



Hurry  
up.  
Hurry  
up.



Ta-da!

Musubi, take  
some to Papa  
and Katsuko  
right away.

Okay.



Hi, Akira!  
You're  
going to  
like this.



Ha ha!  
Check this out.  
I've got tons of  
food here.

.....



Ryuta,  
that was  
a tough  
one,  
wasn't it?

Phew...  
They  
almost  
got us.



Hurry up.  
Let's cook  
rice and eat.

All  
right!

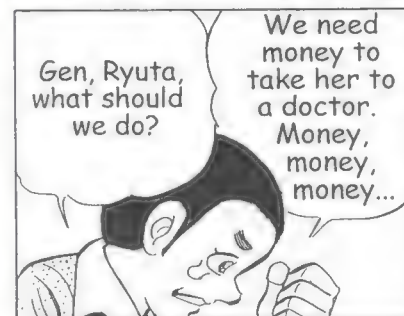
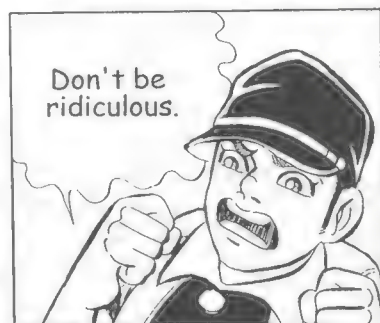
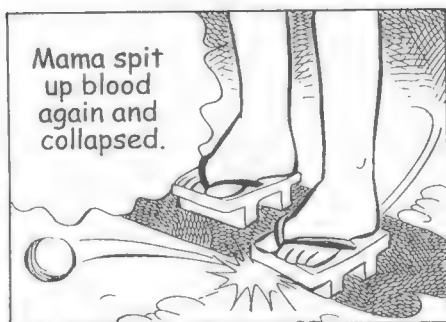


.....

What's  
wrong  
with you,  
Akira?





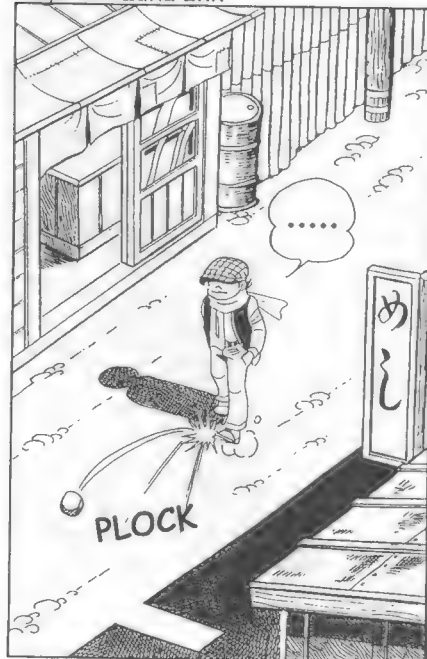




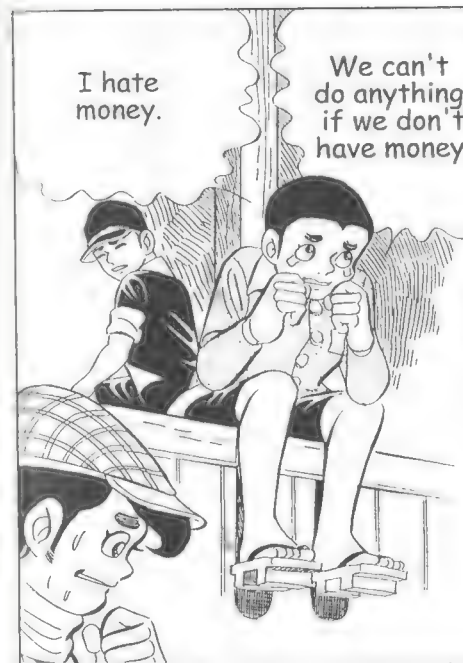


Sign: Shizuka Inn

We call 'em Golden Balls, but they ain't shiny or round... They hide in the dark an' don't make a sound...



Mama, don't die. Please don't.

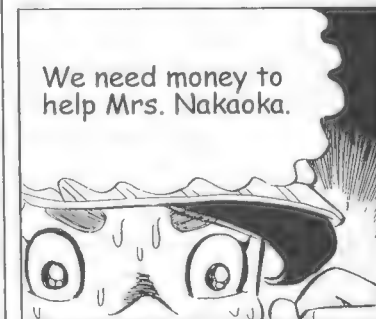


I hate money.

We can't do anything if we don't have money.



D-damn... Money!



We need money to help Mrs. Nakaoka.



What can we do?

Gotta find a way.



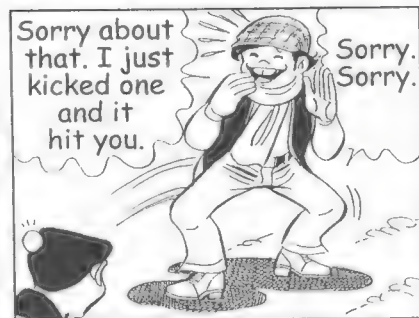
Man!

ZING

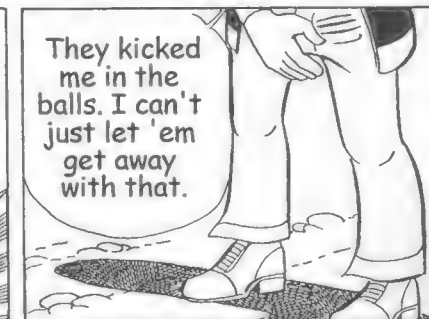
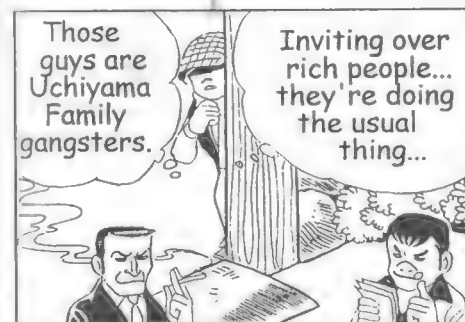
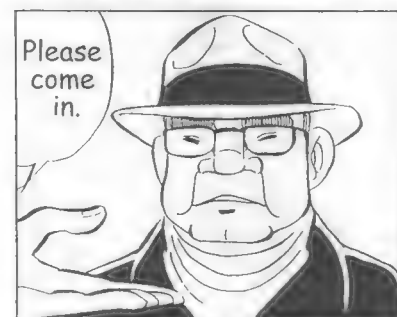
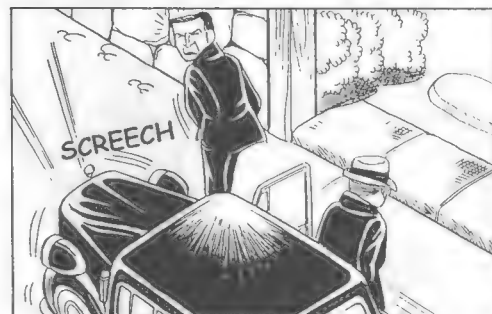


Yeow!

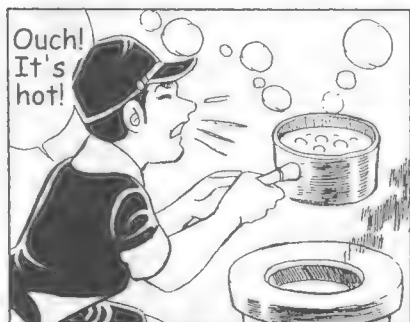
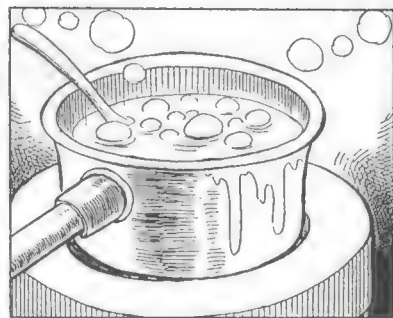




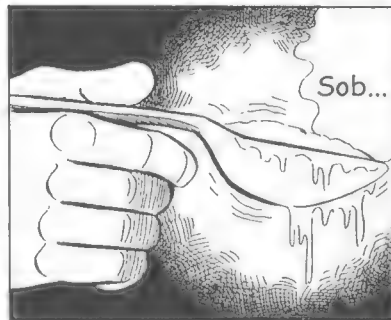




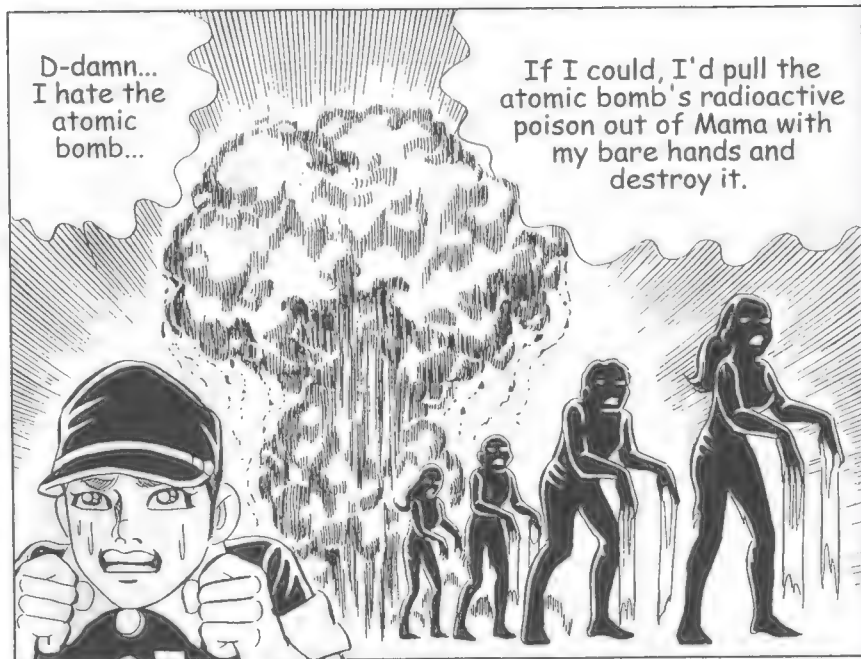




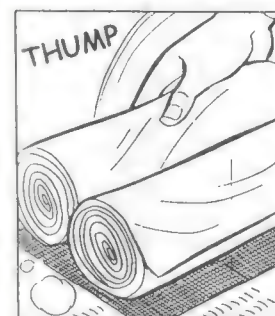
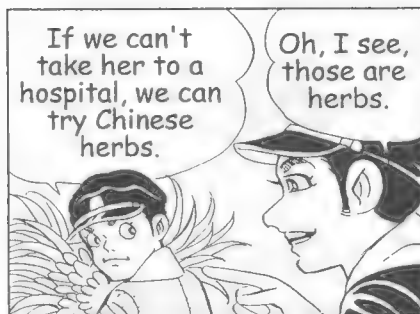








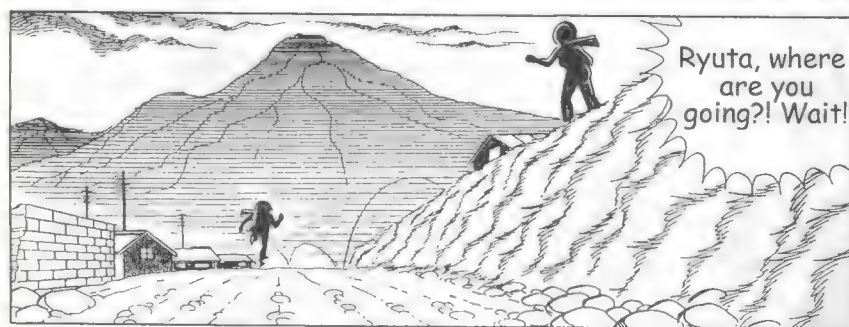
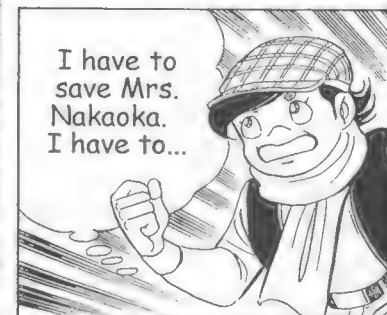
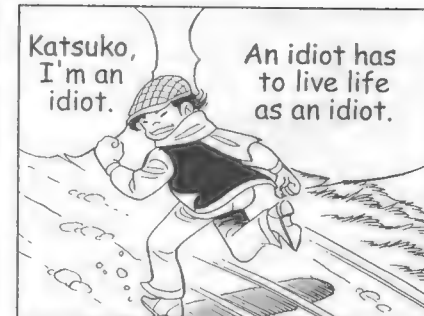
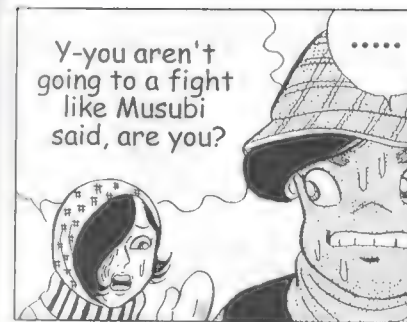
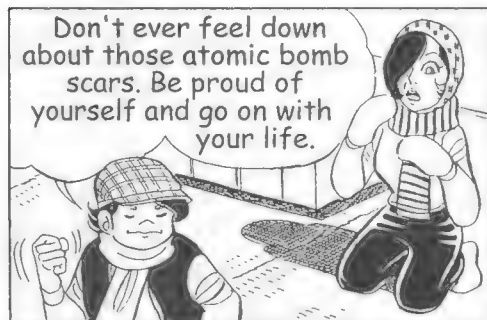




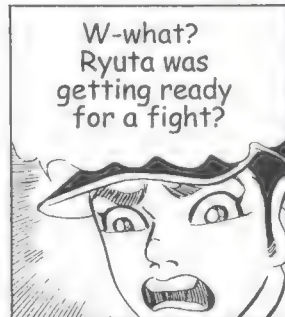
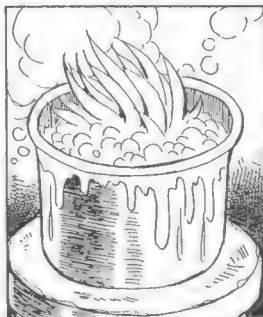




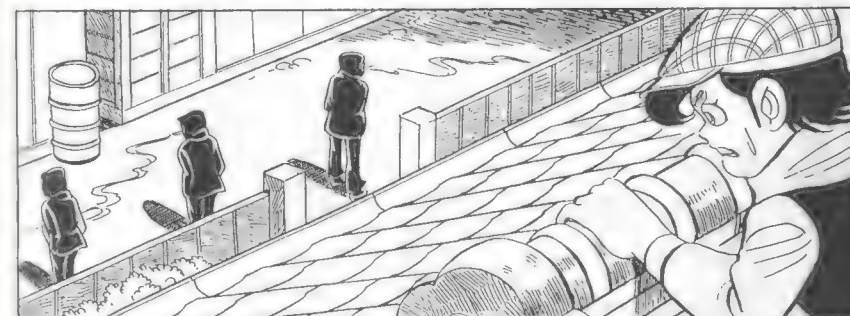
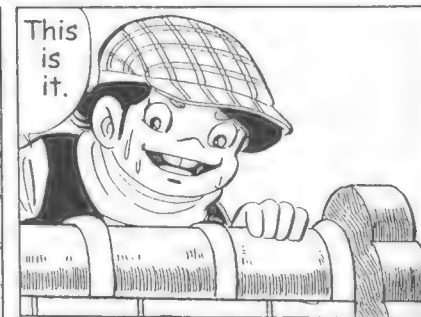




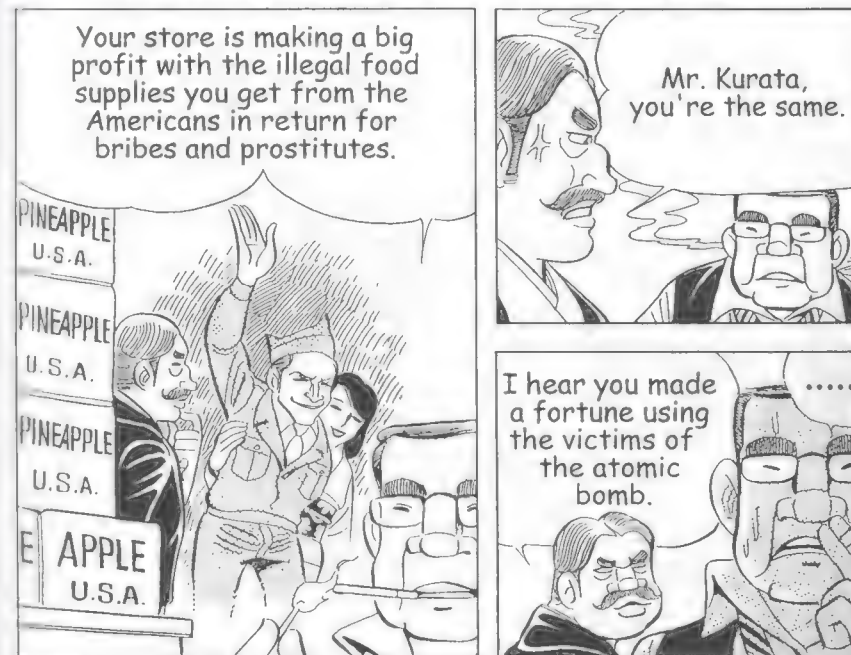
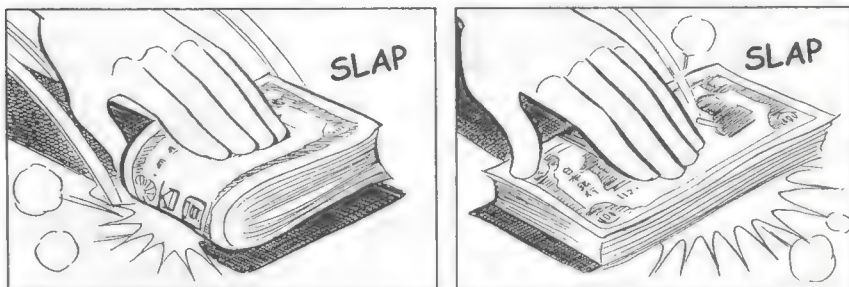




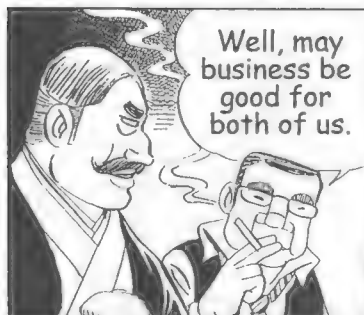
Sign: Shizuka Inn



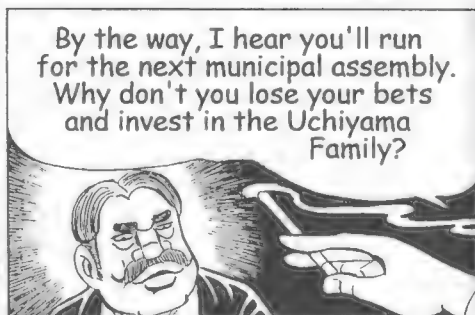




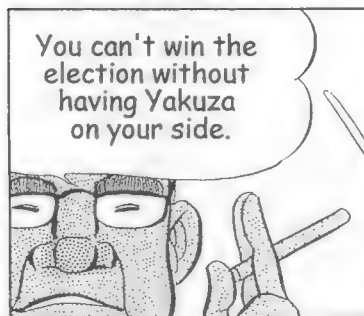




Well, may business be good for both of us.



By the way, I hear you'll run for the next municipal assembly. Why don't you lose your bets and invest in the Uchiyama Family?



You can't win the election without having Yakuza on your side.

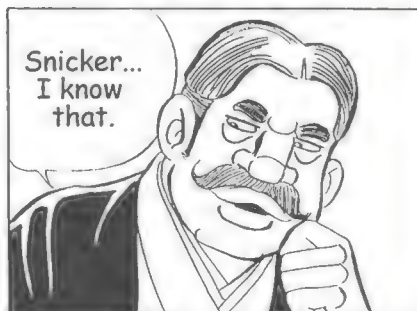


We need the Yakuza to interfere with our opponents.



The money we lose by gambling is nothing.

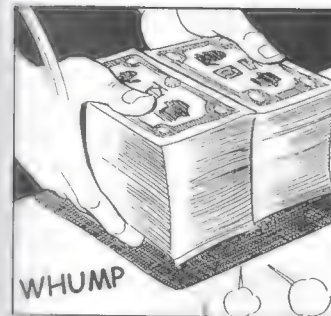
Fame and money will follow you later.



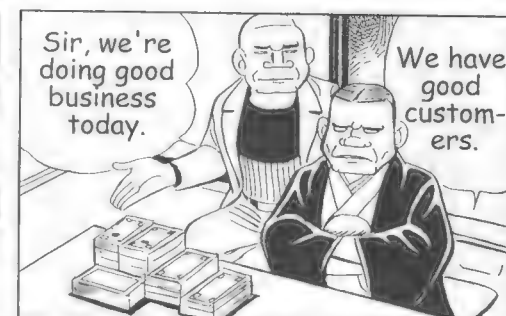
Snicker... I know that.



.....

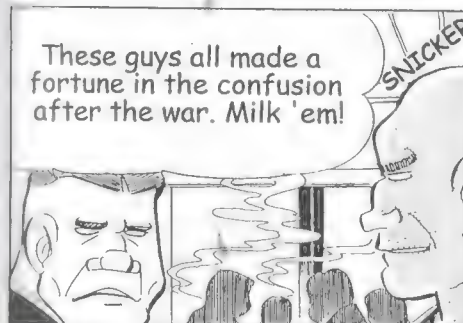


WHUMP



Sir, we're doing good business today.

We have good customers.



These guys all made a fortune in the confusion after the war. Milk 'em!

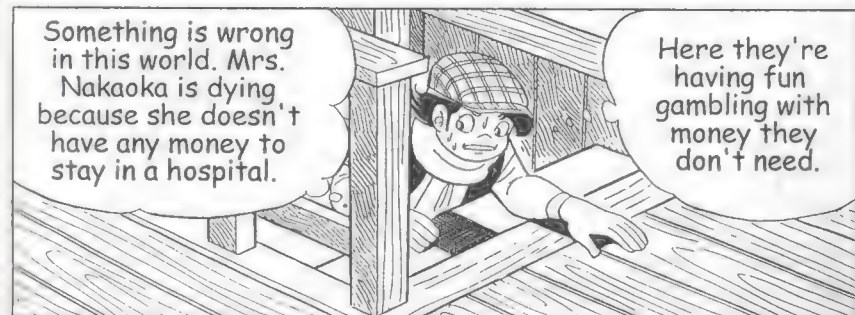
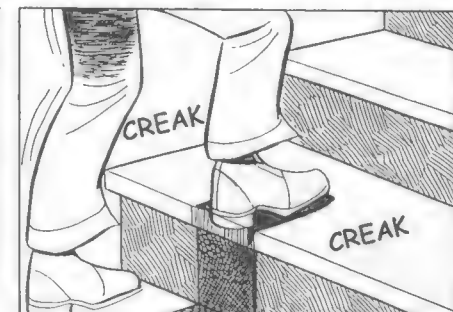
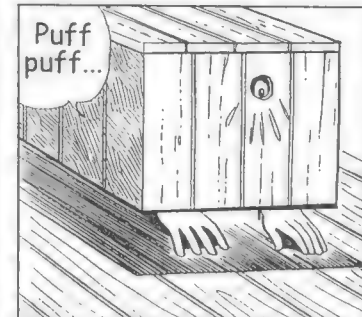
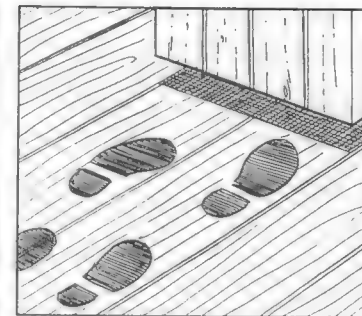
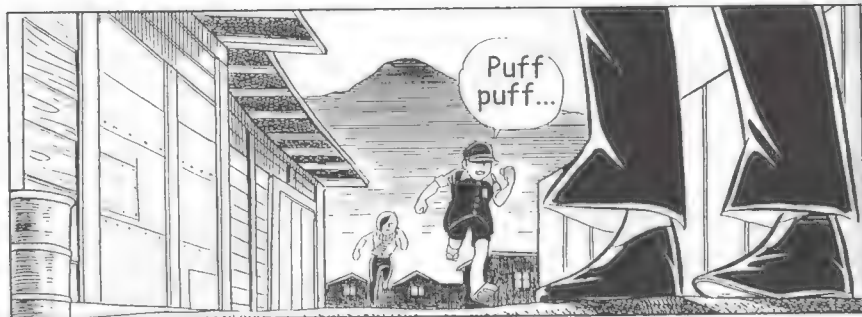


Gulp...

You'll see. I'll take all that money.

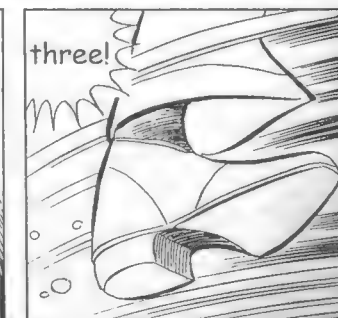
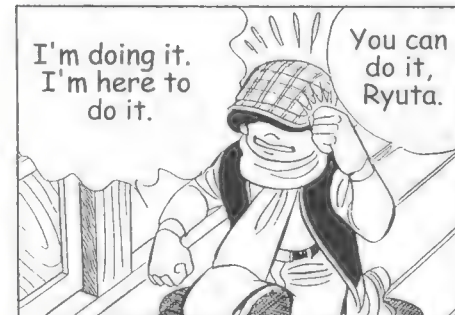
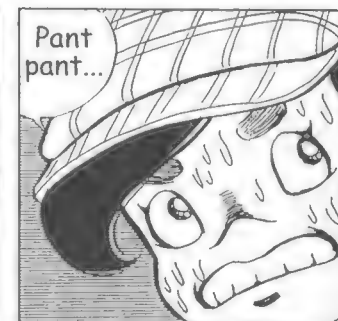
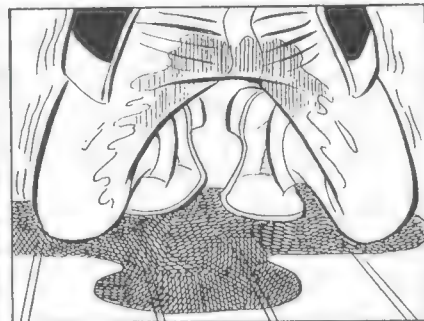
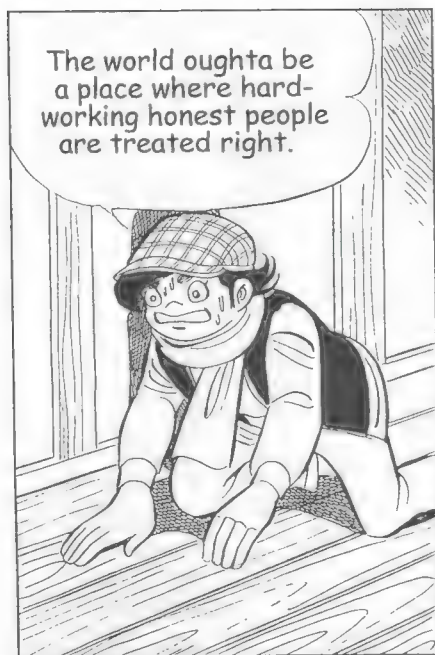




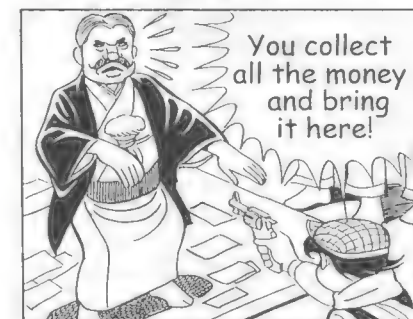


Here they're having fun gambling with money they don't need.











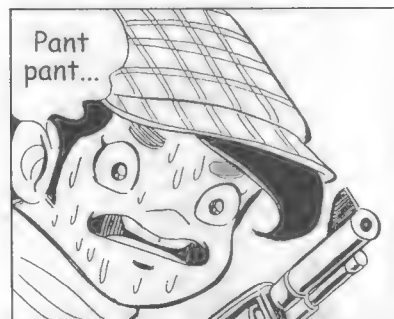


Pant  
pant...



Stay  
there.

If you  
move,  
you're all  
going to  
die.



Pant  
pant...



Where did  
Ryuta go?

Now I'm  
really  
worried...



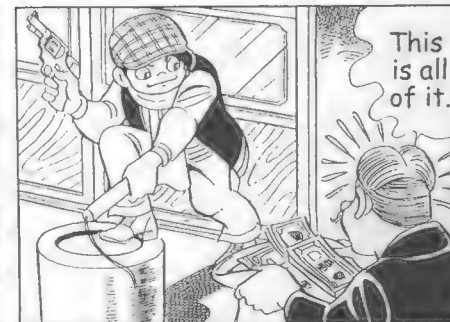
Don't any of you move!  
You're going to die if  
you move one step.  
Do you see this  
dynamite?



Puff  
puff...

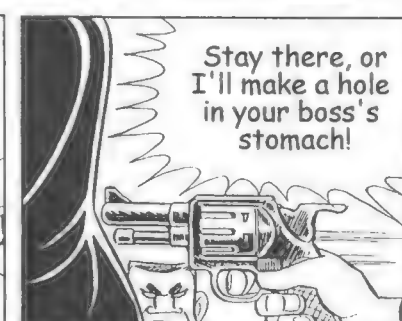
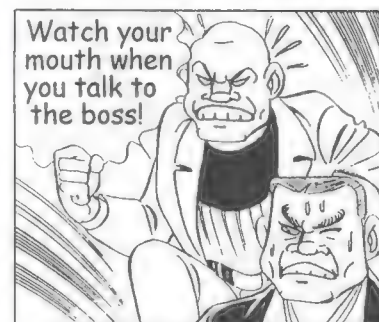
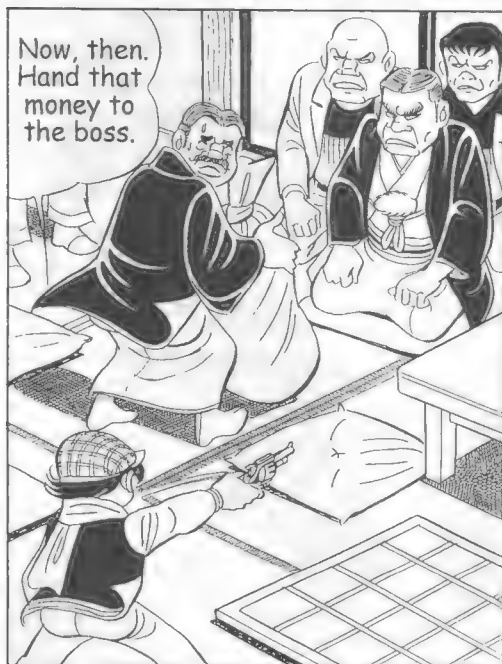
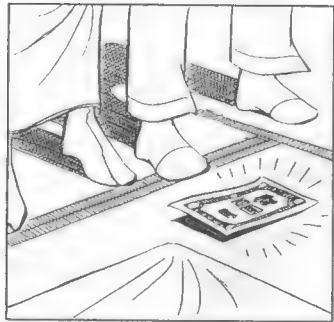


What's taking  
you so long?!  
Put the money  
in and bring  
it here.

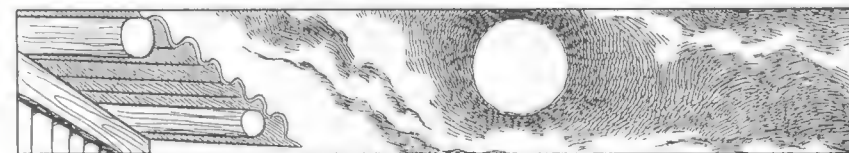
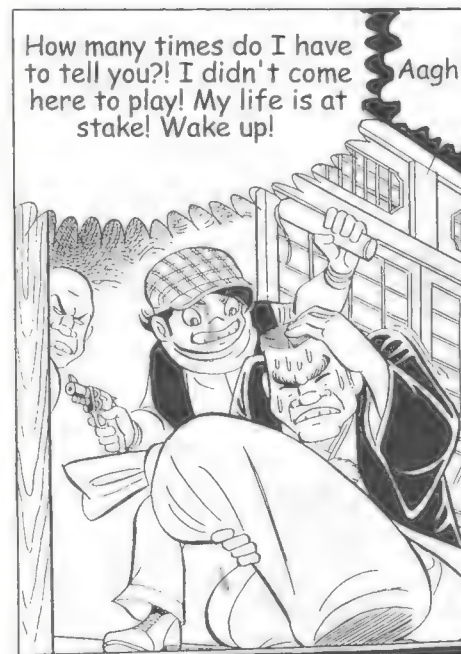
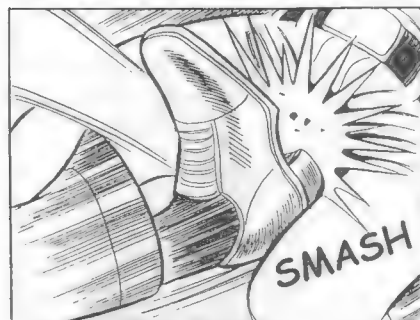


This  
is all  
of it.

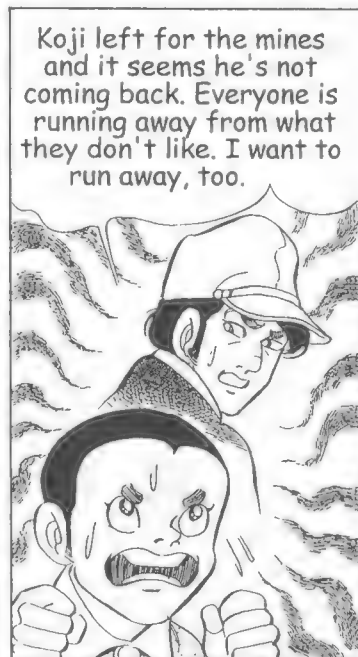
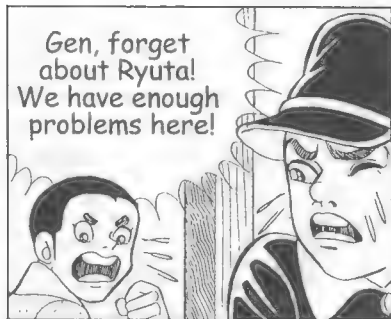








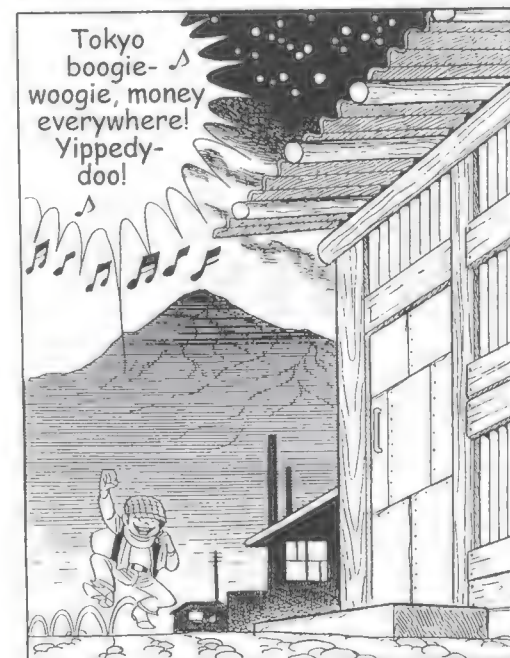
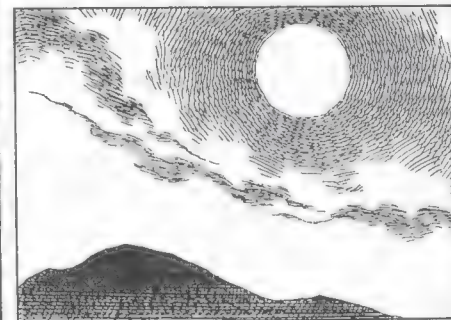
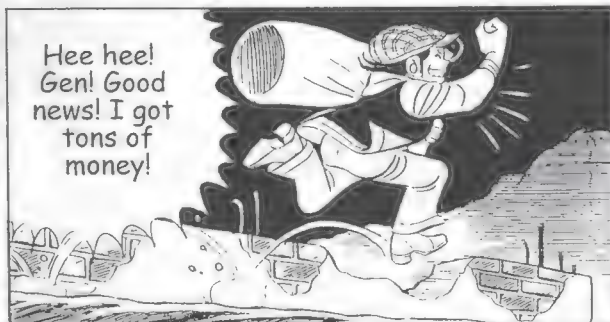




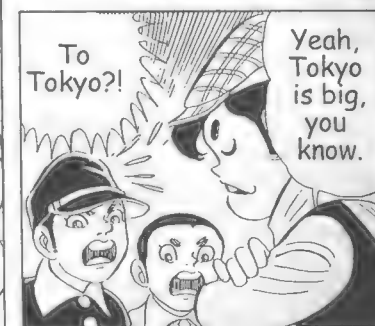
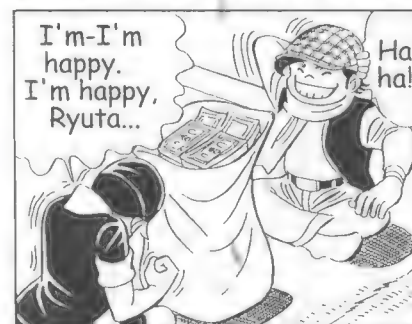
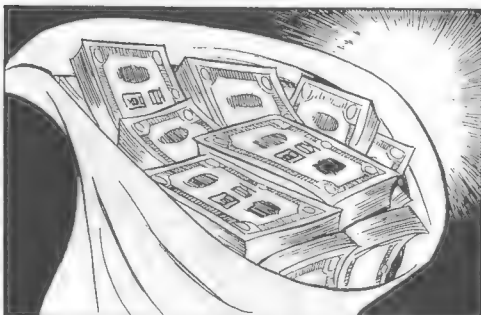




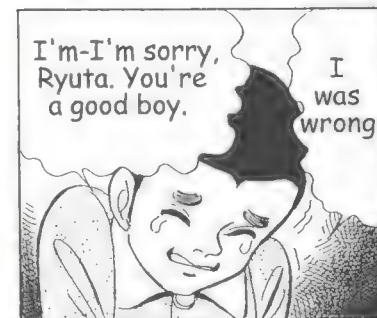
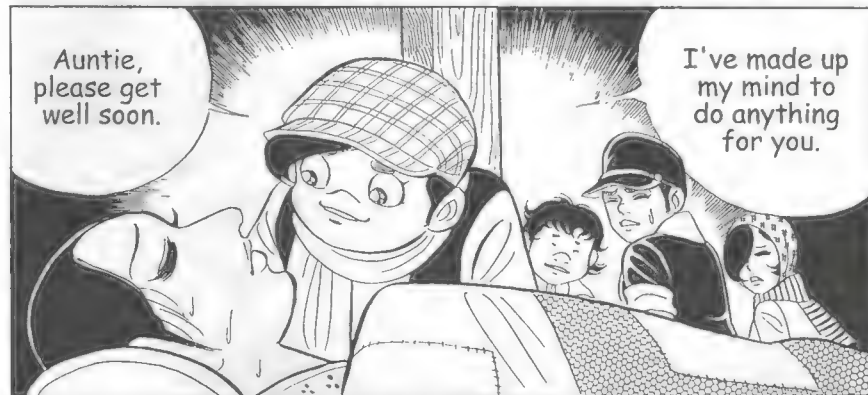
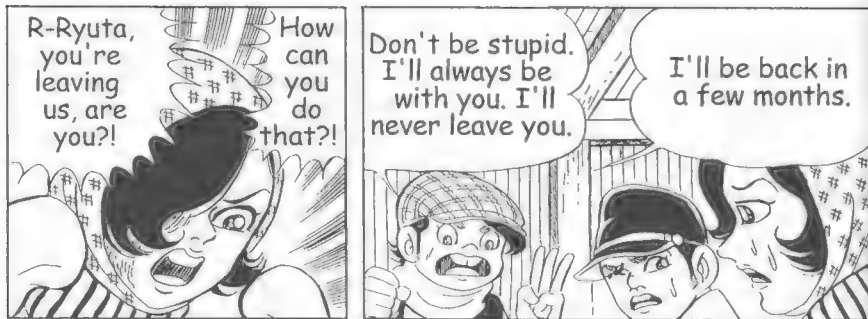




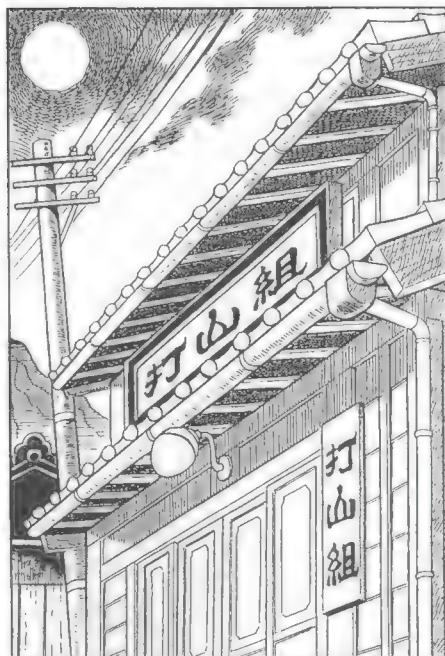




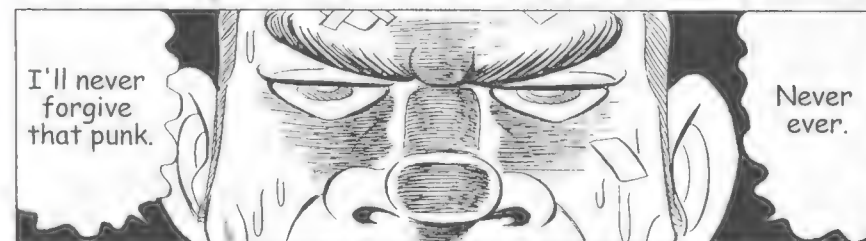
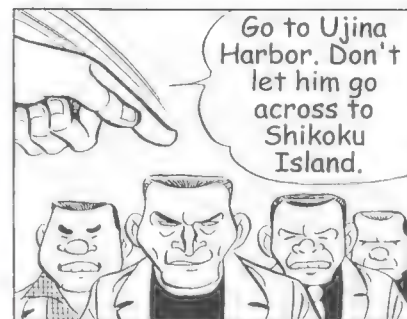
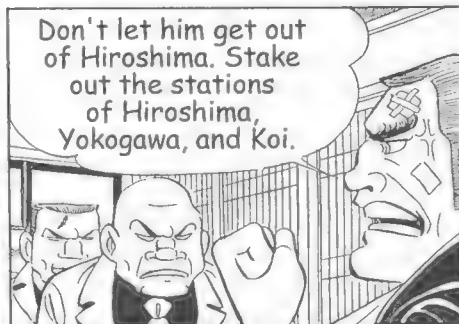
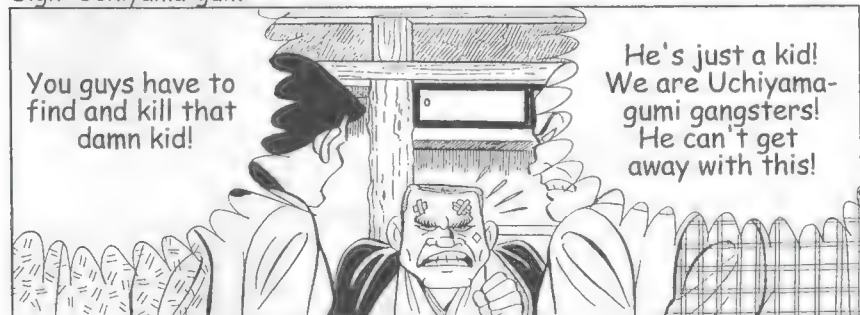








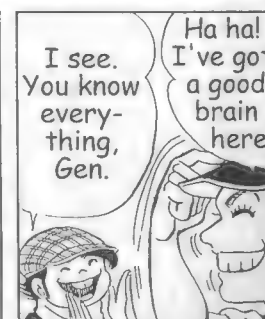
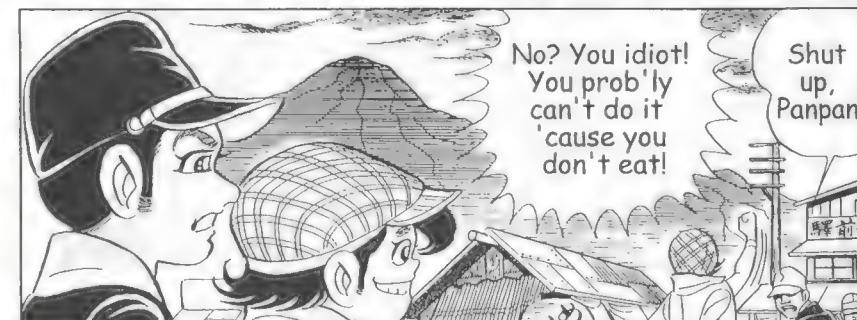
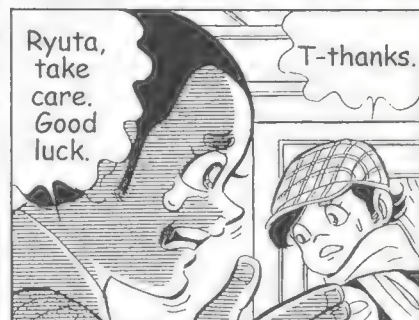
Sign: Uchiyama-gumi



Sign: Kiyohara Hospital











Eek!

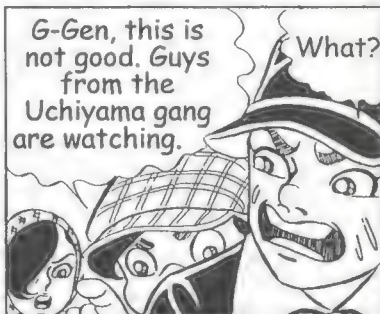


.....

What's the matter, Ryuta?



Oh, oh, no!

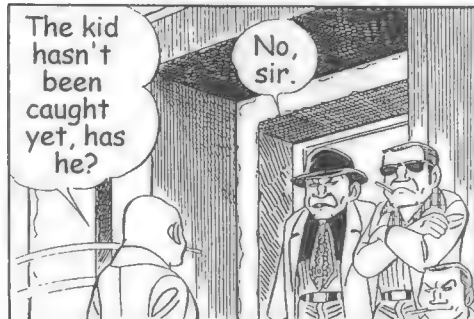


G-Gen, this is not good. Guys from the Uchiyama gang are watching.

What?



There, too!

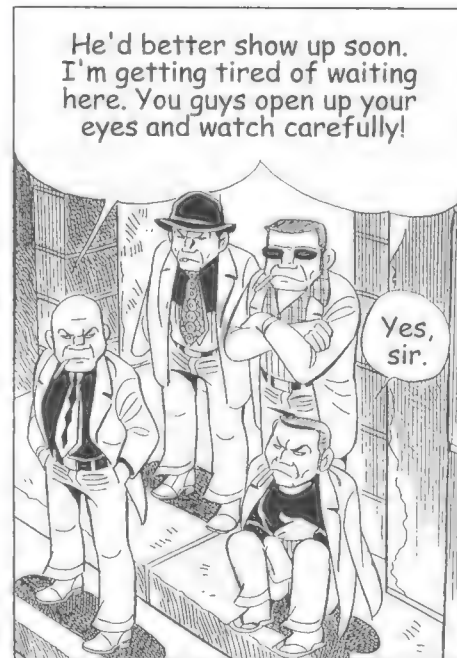


The kid hasn't been caught yet, has he?

No, sir.

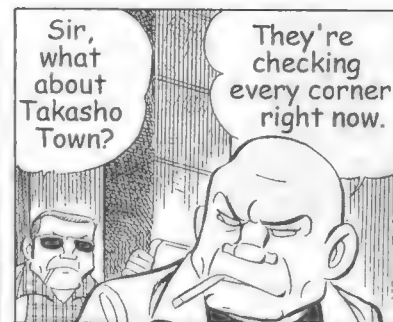


.....



He'd better show up soon. I'm getting tired of waiting here. You guys open up your eyes and watch carefully!

Yes, sir.



Sir, what about Takasho Town?

They're checking every corner right now.



That's where my house is.

.....



They'll be watching at the Yokogawa and Koi stations too.

I have no way out!



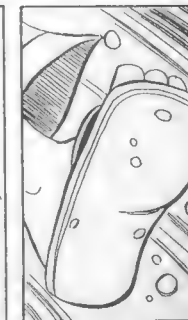
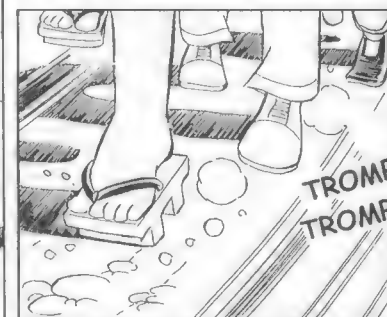
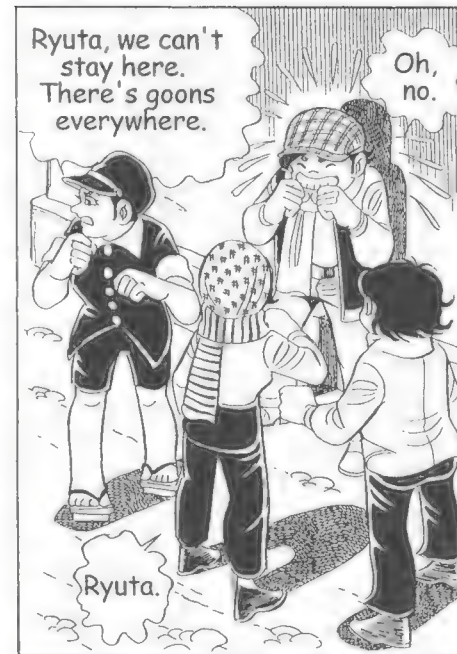
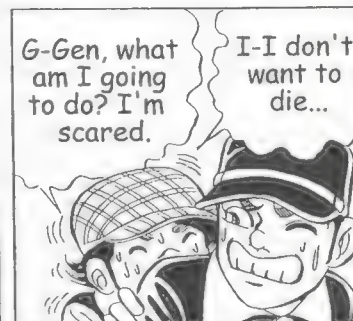
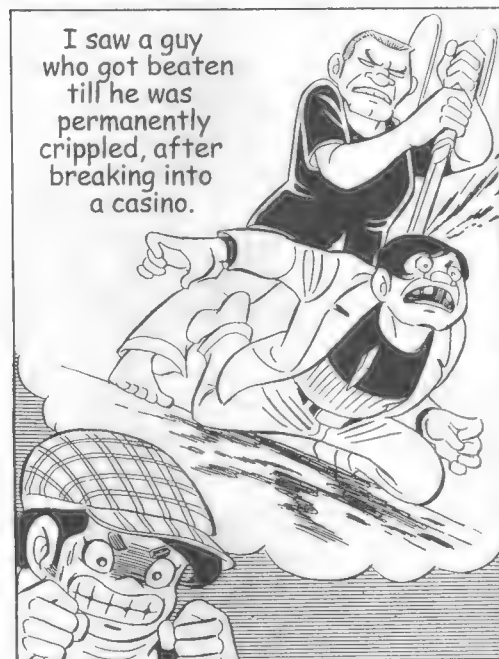
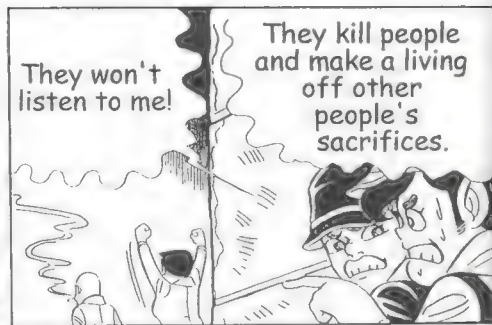
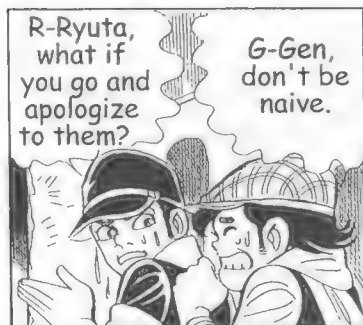
They're gonna catch me for sure.

.....

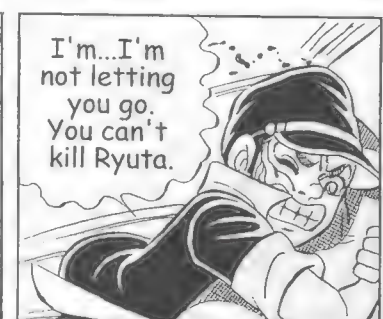
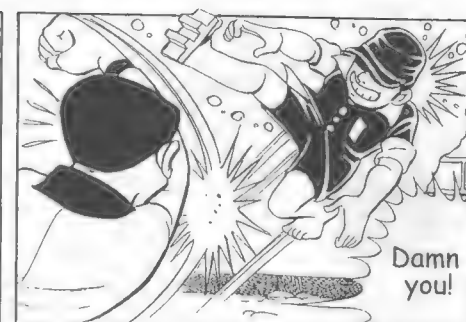
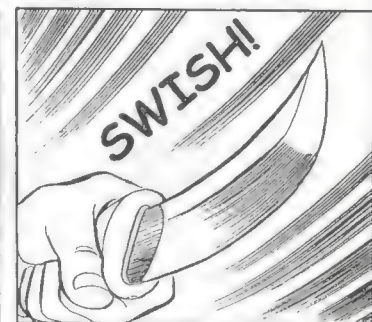
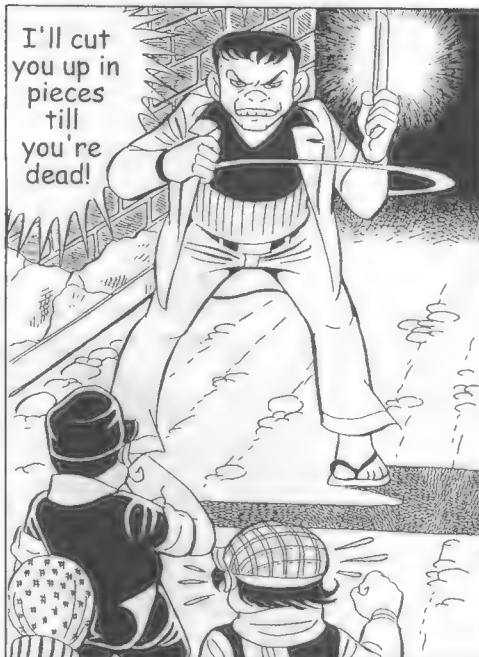
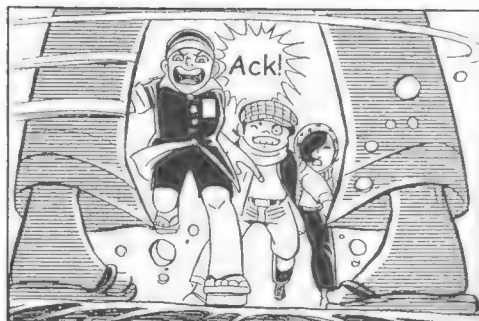


If they do, I'm finished. It's the end.













You brat!



Aargh...



Unhh...



See how you like this!



No!



Ryuta, you fool! Run away! There's more goons coming!



Urk! W-w-wait! Stop!

Shut up!



AARGH!



What was that?

BANG!



Gen!

Stupid! Run for your life!



Pant pant...

Pant pant...



My arm... my arm...

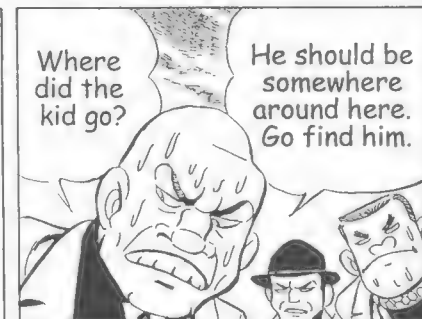
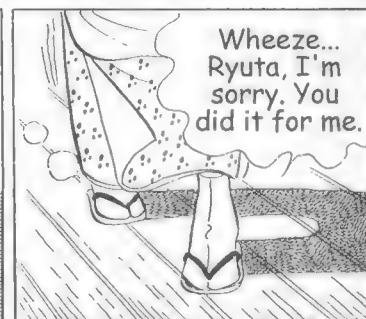
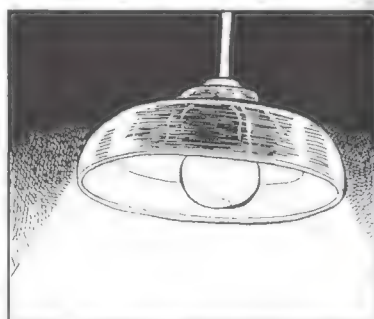
Kuro, what happened?



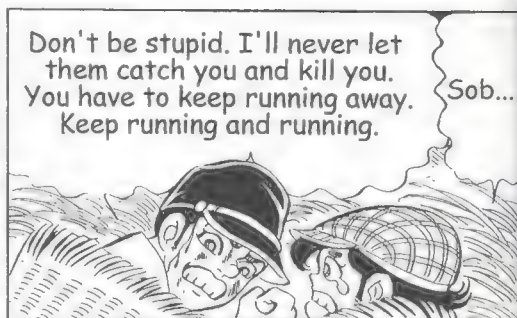
What?!

G-get him. That's the kid.

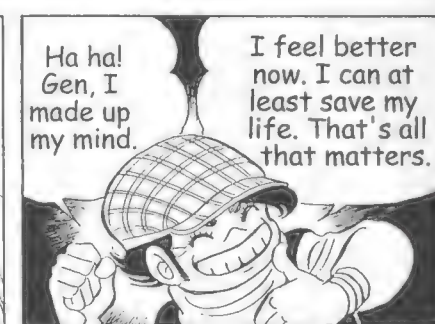
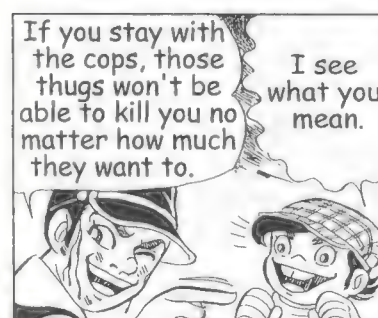
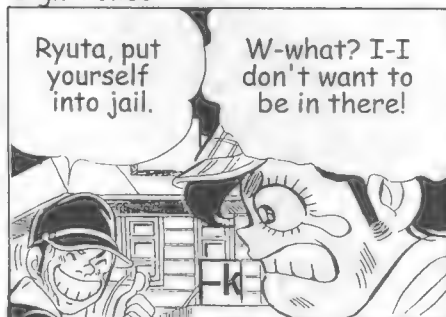




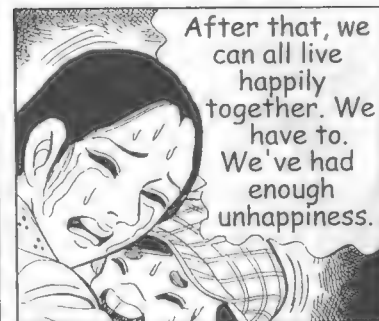
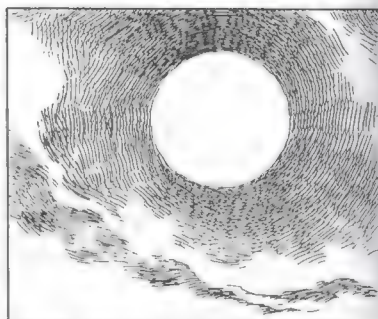




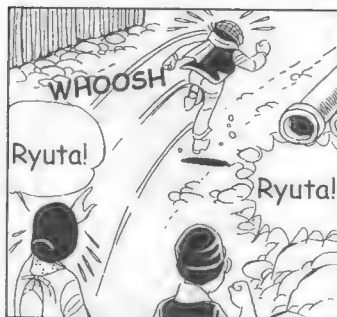
Sign: Police



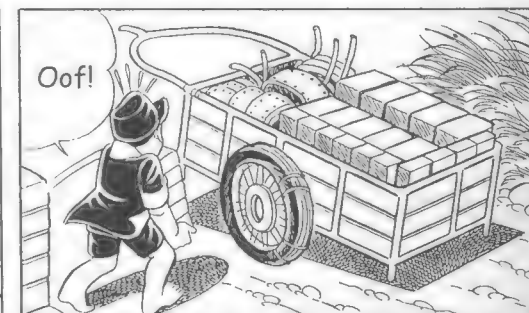
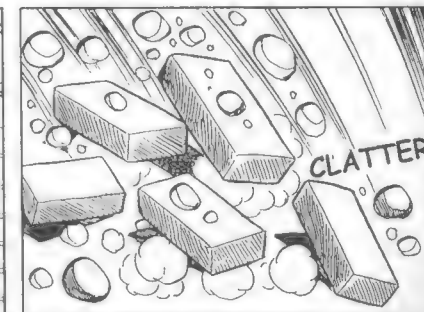
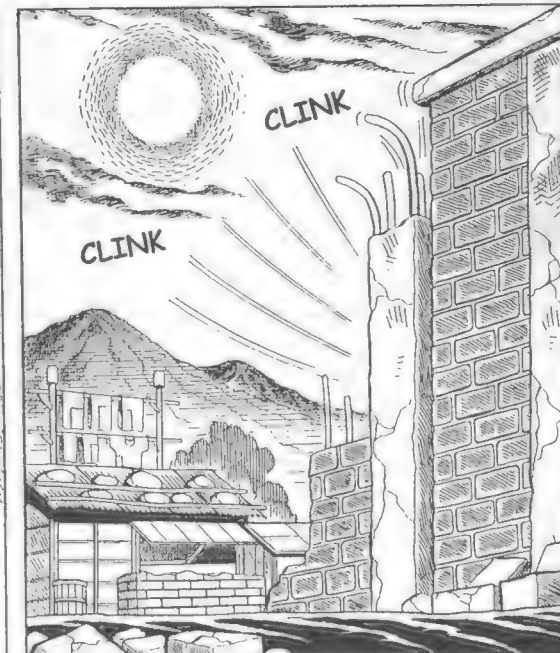
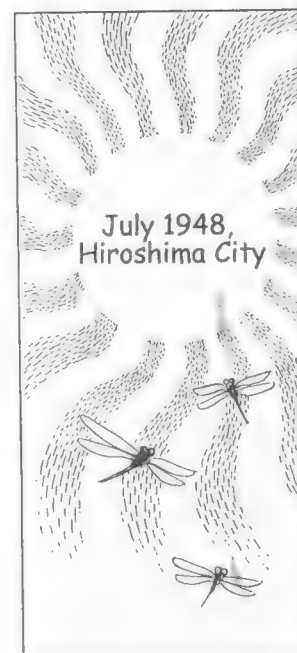
















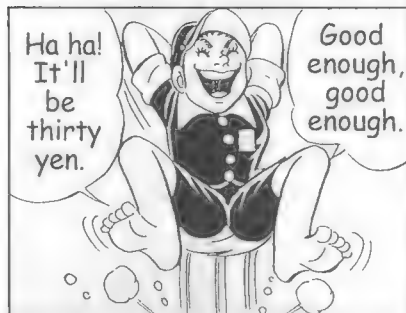
Let's see...  
2, 4, 6,  
8, 10.



That'll  
be sixty  
bricks.

One brick is  
worth fifty  
sen, so...

1 sen = 1/100 yen



Ha ha!  
It'll  
be thirty  
yen.

Good  
enough,  
good  
enough.



Then, this iron  
weighs about  
two kan. One  
kan of iron  
is worth  
ten yen.

Therefore,  
the total  
will be  
fifty yen.  
I'm so  
smart!

1 kan = 17 lbs.



Ding-dong-  
ding...  
Ding-dong-  
ding...

Oh, it's  
starting.



Red roof on a  
green hilltop...  
A bell tower  
shaped like a  
pixie hat...



Ha ha!  
The bell  
rings, ding-  
dong-ding...



Turn up the  
volume,  
please.  
I can't  
hear!



Who  
are  
you?

Heh heh!  
I came  
to  
listen  
to the  
radio.



You're lucky  
to have a  
radio.

You  
must be  
rich. I  
wish I  
had one.



Time for the  
radio drama  
"Hill Where a  
Bell Rings,"  
written by  
Kazuo Kikuta.

Ha ha! Good.  
I can't wait  
to hear what  
happens  
next.



BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP

What? This is the  
good part. Do  
something fast  
so we can listen.



BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP

Hurry, lady!  
Fix it!  
What are  
you doing?!



BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP

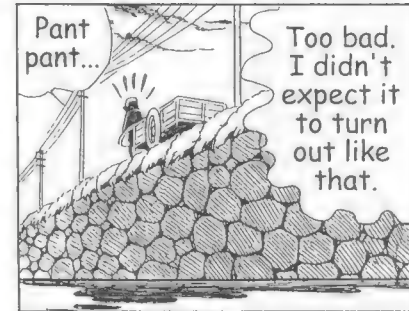
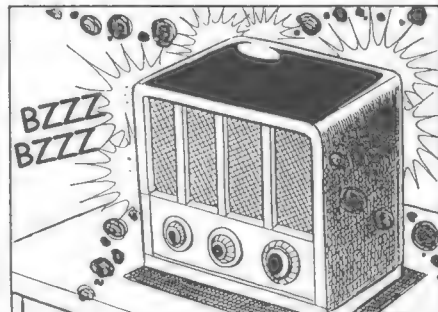
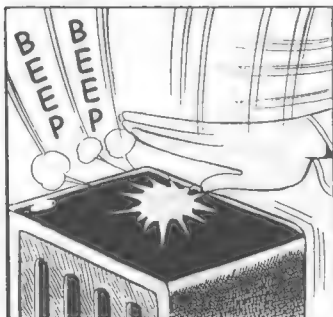
I don't  
under-  
stand.  
I can't  
fix it.



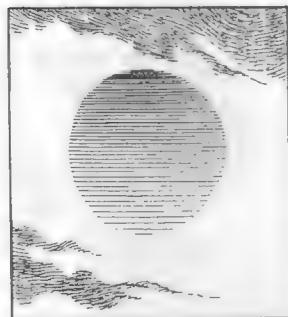
Try  
hitting  
it.

Like  
this?

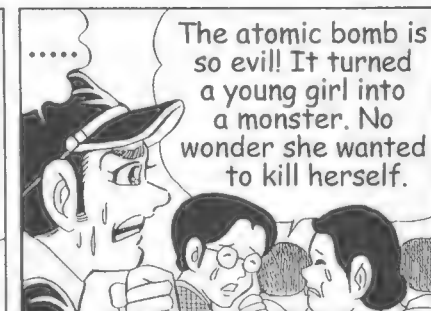
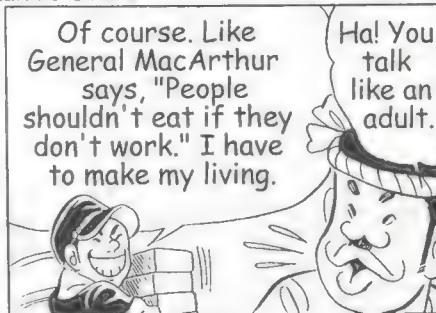
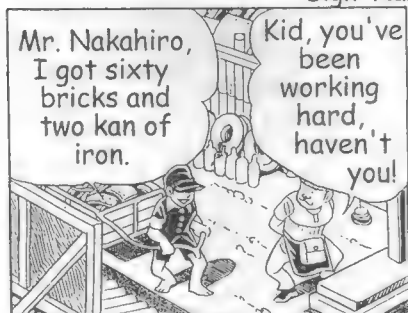




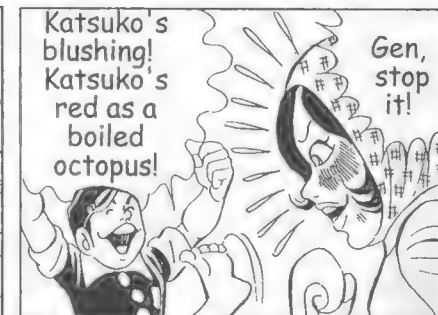
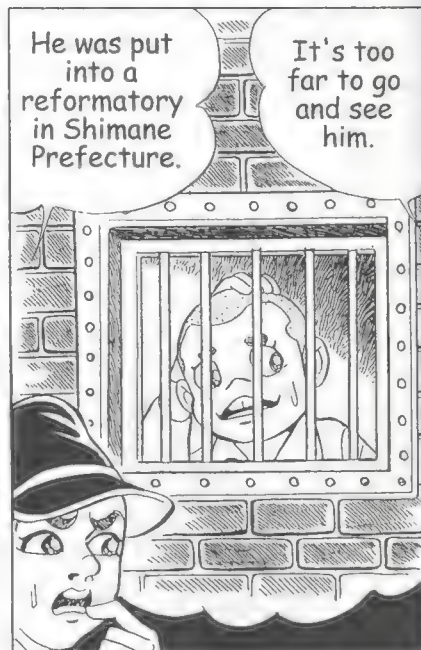




Sign: Nakahiro Store







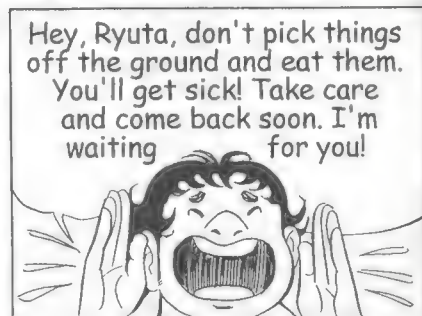




Hey, Ryuta. Are you doing okay? Come back soon! We're waiting for you.



Ryuta, please come home soon! I miss you!



Hey, Ryuta, don't pick things off the ground and eat them. You'll get sick! Take care and come back soon. I'm waiting for you!



Sob... Sob...



We'll go and see him sometime after we make some money.

Yeah.

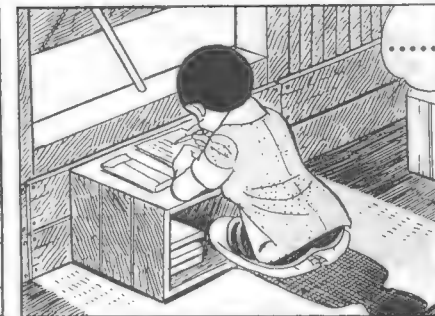
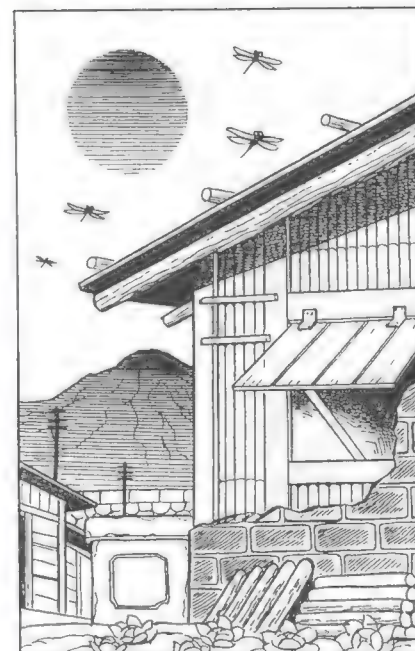


Don't be a crybaby! Don't give up!

Yeah.

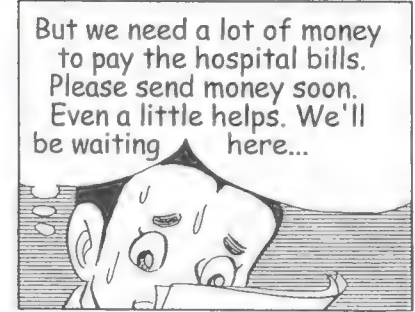


Okay, I'll head home now.

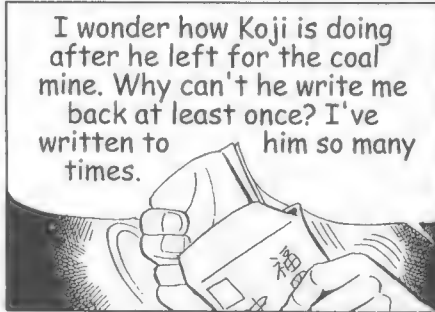


Dear Koji, How are you? Gen and I are fine.

Mama's getting much better in the hospital.



But we need a lot of money to pay the hospital bills. Please send money soon. Even a little helps. We'll be waiting here...



I wonder how Koji is doing after he left for the coal mine. Why can't he write me back at least once? I've written to him so many times.



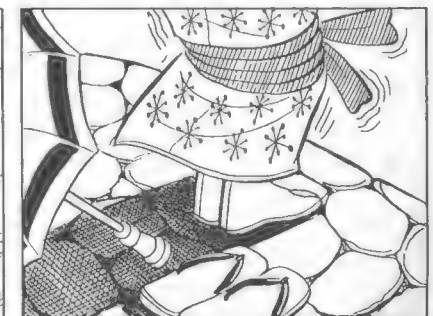
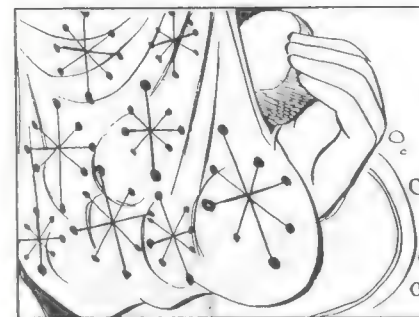
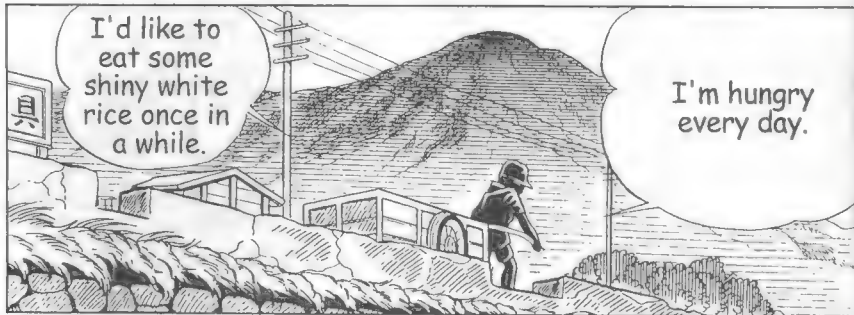
Koji, you dummy. You fool!

We're struggling here to survive. We're in trouble.

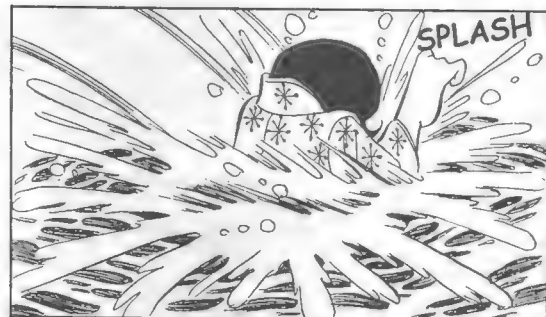
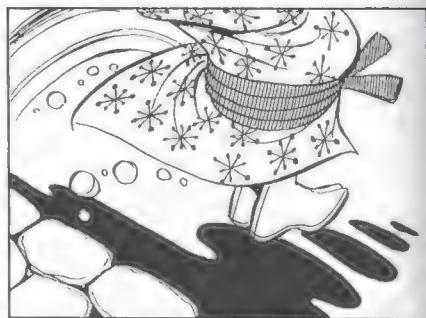
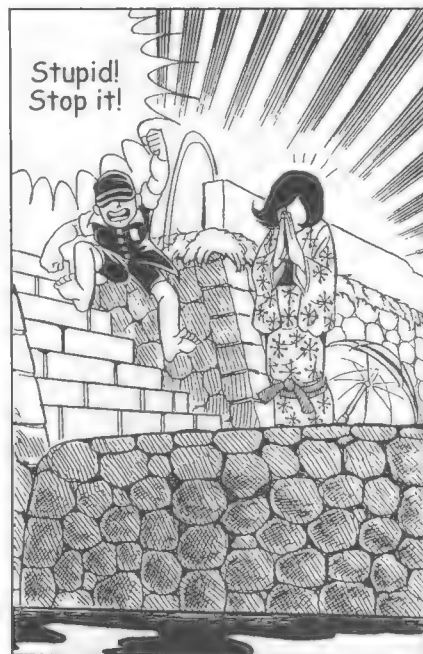


Sob...

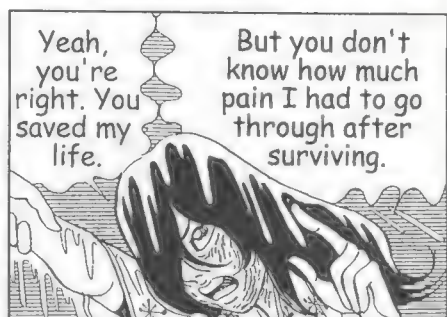
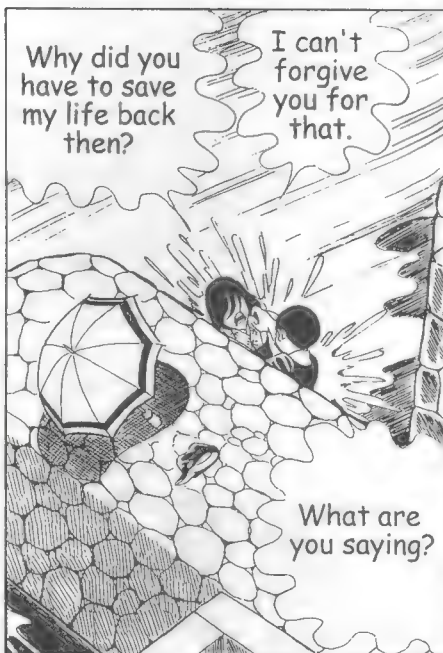














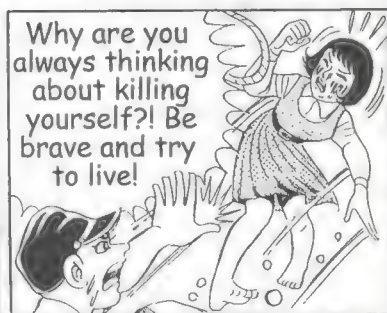


Oh, no!  
I have a  
monster's  
face!

I can't dance  
in front of  
people with  
this face! My  
dream to be a  
dancer won't  
come true!  
It's all over!



No,  
Natsue,  
don't!



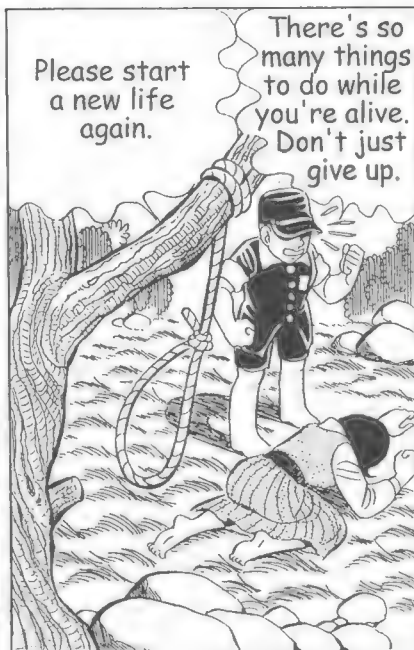
Why are you  
always thinking  
about killing  
yourself?! Be  
brave and try  
to live!



You remind me of  
my sister Eiko  
who was burned  
to death under  
our house.

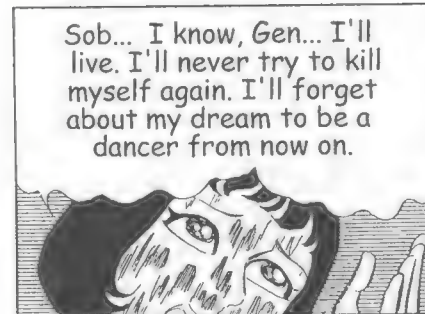


As long as you're  
alive, I feel as  
if my sister Eiko  
is back again.



Please start  
a new life  
again.

There's so  
many things  
to do while  
you're alive.  
Don't just  
give up.



Sob... I know, Gen... I'll  
live. I'll never try to kill  
myself again. I'll forget  
about my dream to be a  
dancer from now on.



This will  
be my  
last  
dance.



Cherry ♪  
blossoms,  
cherry ♪  
blossoms,  
the sky in  
March...



You promised  
me on  
Ninoshima  
that you would  
never try to  
kill yourself  
again.

Why are you  
jumping into  
a river now?!



Stupid,  
it's easy  
for you  
to talk!

SLAP!

You'll never  
understand  
unless  
your face  
looks like  
mine.



I did all I can  
do! I did my  
best to survive  
till today!





But I've  
had  
enough!

I don't  
want  
to live  
anymore!



I'm sick  
and tired  
of this  
world.

You must've  
gone through  
a tough time.  
You've lost  
your hope  
completely.



Get out  
of the  
river,  
anyway.

No! I'm  
going to die  
here. Leave  
me alone!



Stupid!  
That's  
enough!



Don't let  
the devil  
of death  
catch you!  
Wake up!



You can die  
anytime if  
you want to!

But I met  
you here, so  
you're not  
supposed  
to die now!



Come  
on,  
Natsue!

NO, NO,  
NO, NO!



Hurry  
up!  
Come  
on!



SLIP



Ah!



CRACK

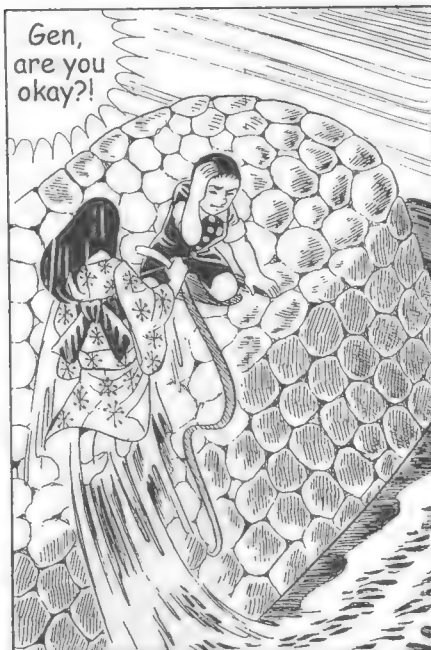


Aargh...



No, Gen,  
you're  
bleeding...

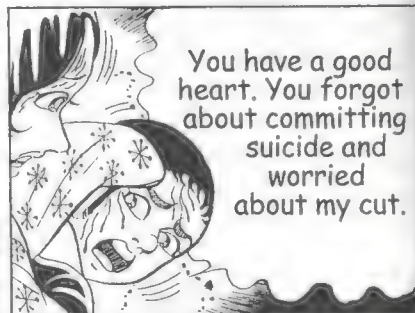




Gen,  
are you  
okay?!



You cut yourself.  
We need to  
put medicine  
on it, or it  
will get  
infected.



You have a good  
heart. You forgot  
about committing  
suicide and  
worried  
about my cut.



Why does someone  
nice like you have  
to suffer so much  
and want to kill  
yourself?

Gen...

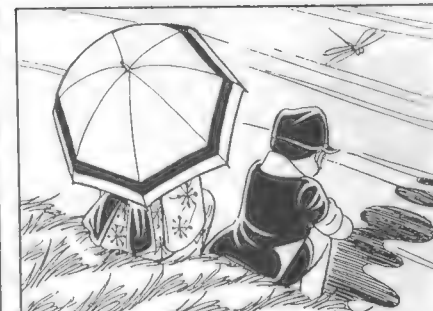
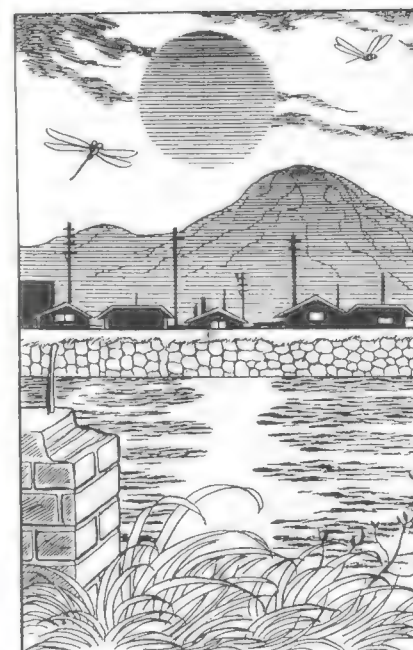


Gen!  
Gen!

Don't  
cry!  
Don't  
cry!

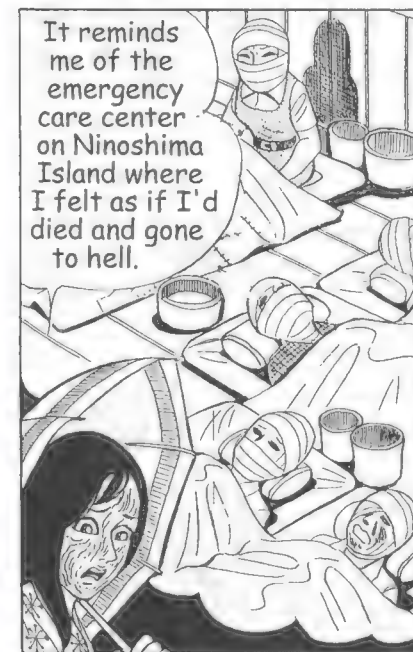


SOB

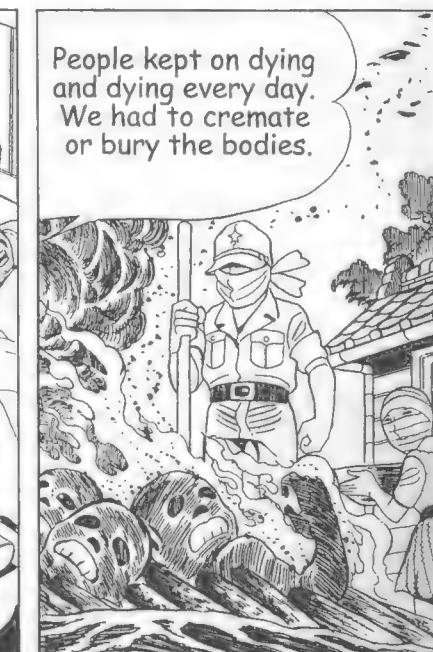


Gen...  
I hate  
summer.

It reminds  
me of August  
6th when the  
atomic bomb  
was  
dropped.



It reminds  
me of the  
emergency  
care center  
on Ninoshima  
Island where  
I felt as if I'd  
died and gone  
to hell.



People kept on dying  
and dying every day.  
We had to cremate  
or bury the bodies.





Many kids died crying for their fathers and mothers.



I was afraid to see a kid the same age as me die.

I thought my turn was next.



It was as if I were locked up in hell.



My face was infected. It oozed pus, and maggots hatched. It was so smelly.

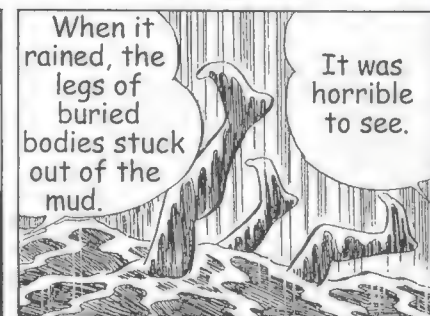


The pain made me crazy when the gauze was changed because the scabs came off.



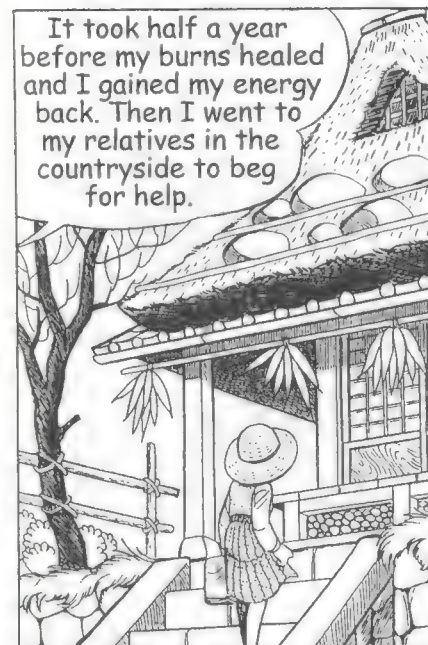
When my burns were healing,

they formed scars and changed my face beyond recognition.

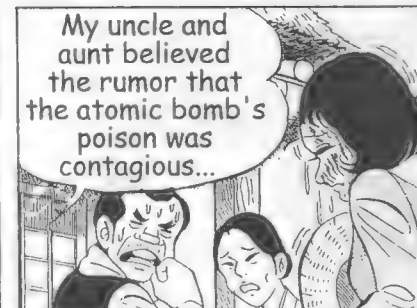


When it rained, the legs of buried bodies stuck out of the mud.

It was horrible to see.



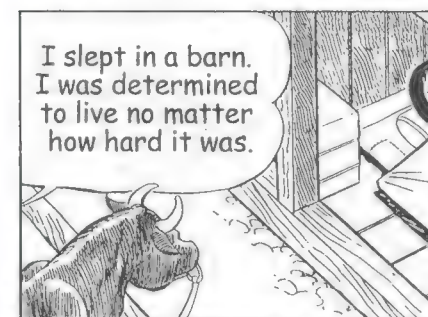
It took half a year before my burns healed and I gained my energy back. Then I went to my relatives in the countryside to beg for help.



My uncle and aunt believed the rumor that the atomic bomb's poison was contagious...



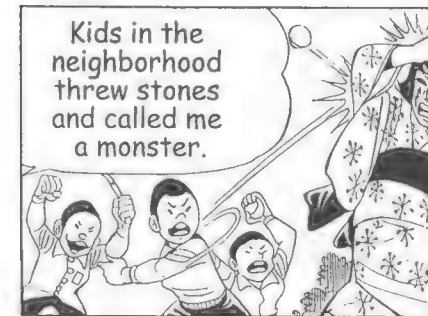
They didn't want to come close to me. They were so cold and mean to me.



I slept in a barn. I was determined to live no matter how hard it was.



People in the village didn't even look at me. They just ran away.

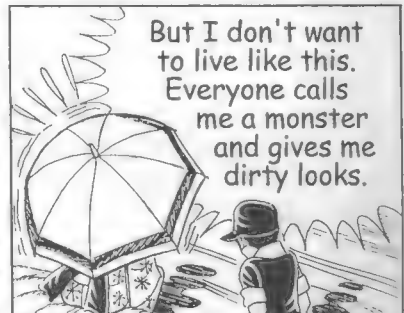
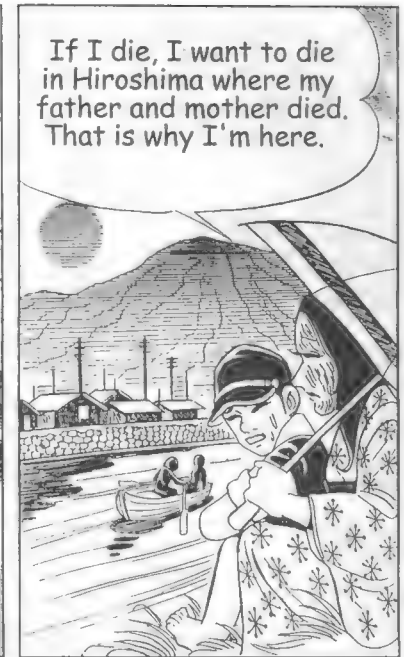
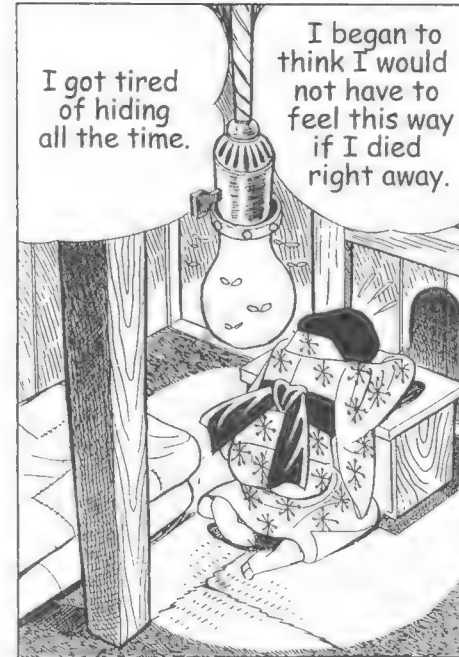
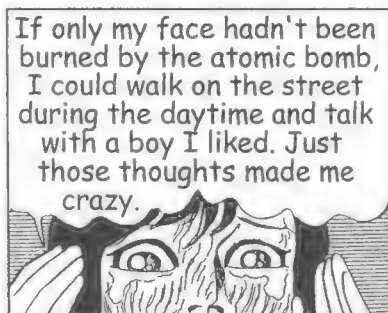
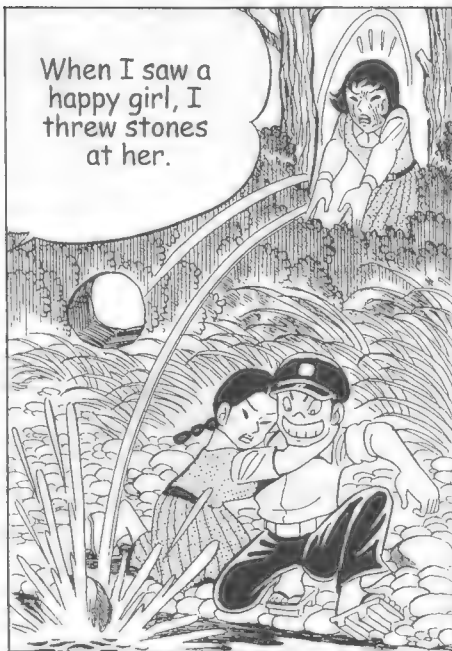


Kids in the neighborhood threw stones and called me a monster.



I was so furious, so furious.

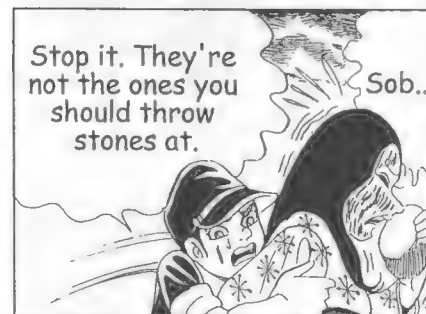
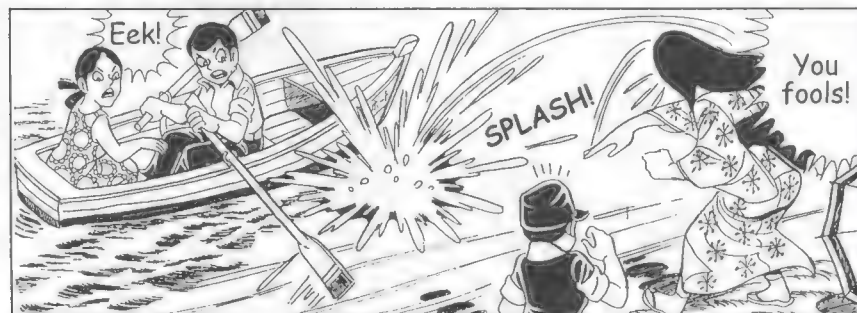




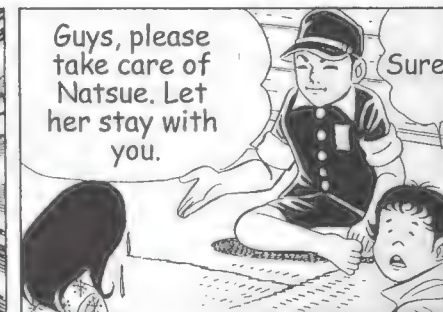
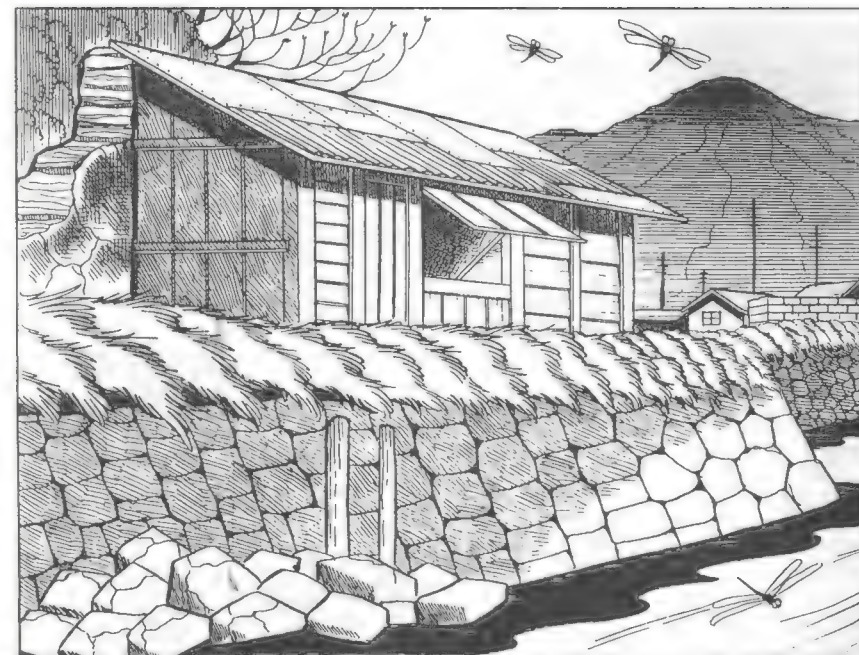
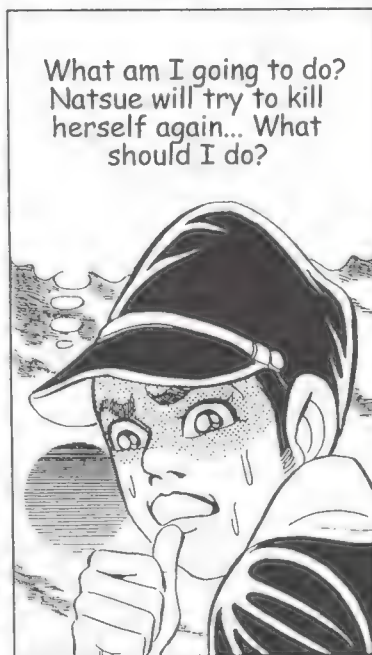




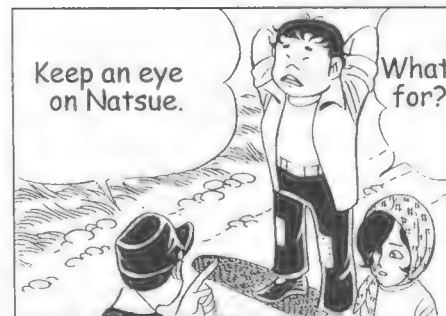
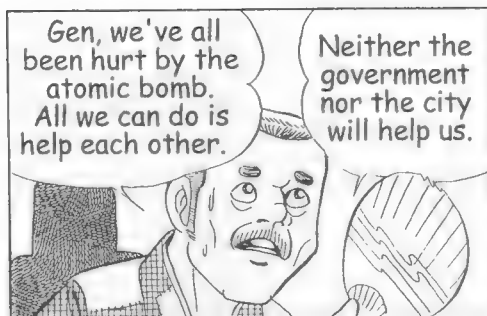
Boat's name: Peace Boat



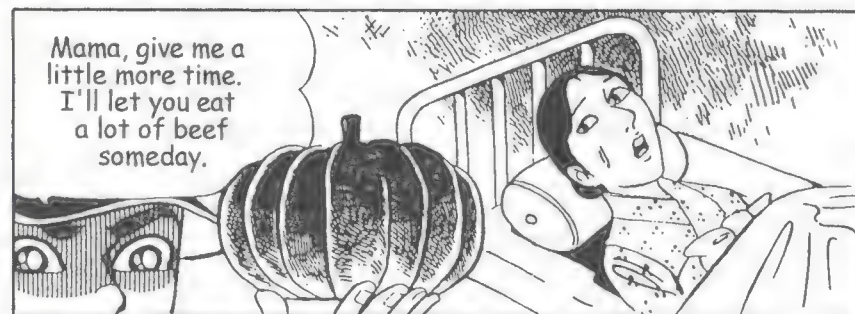
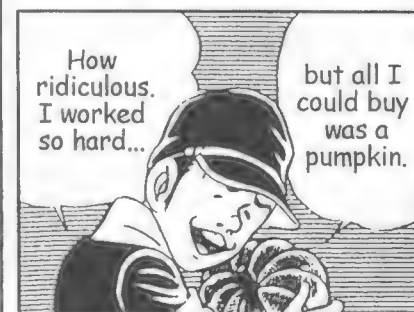
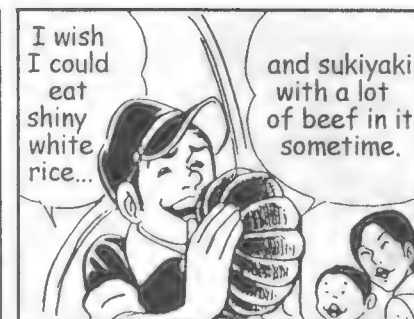
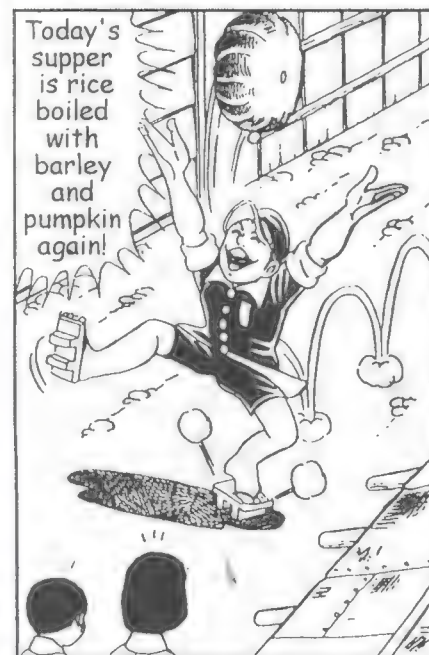
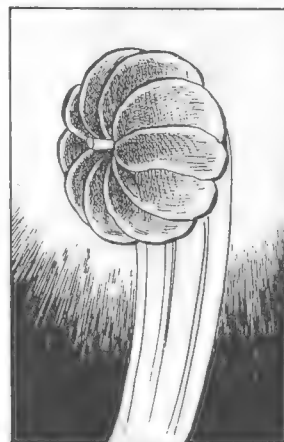
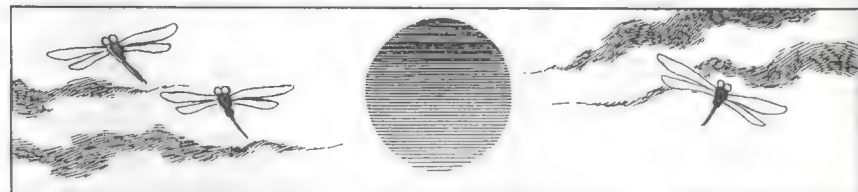
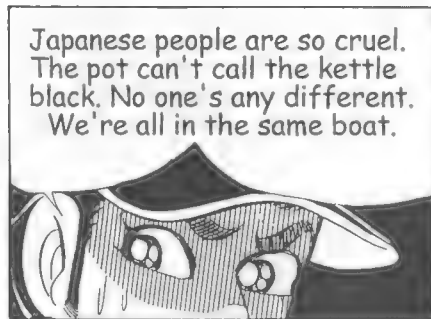




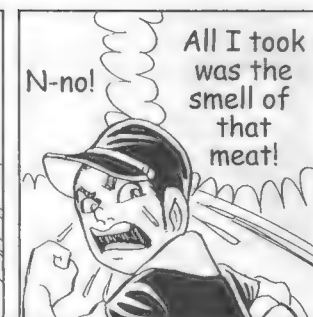
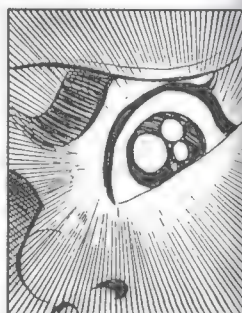
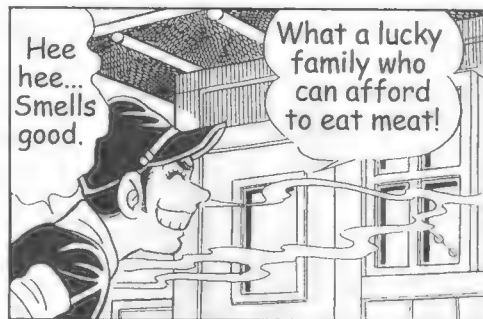




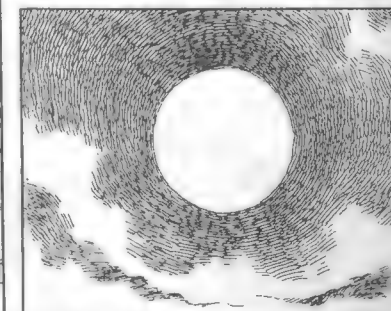
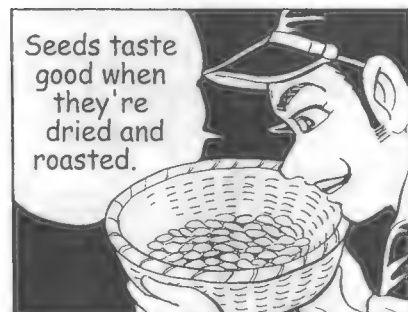
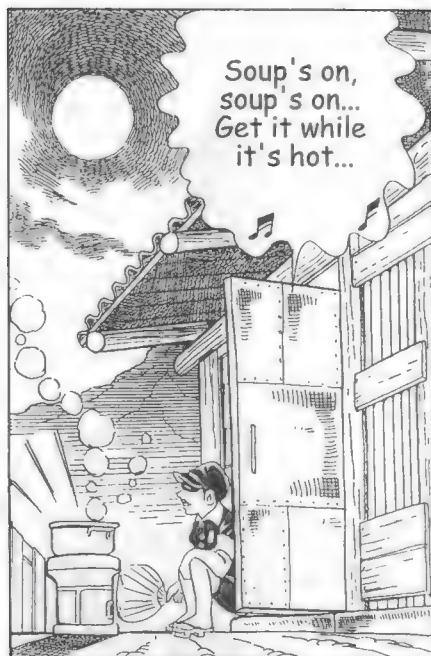




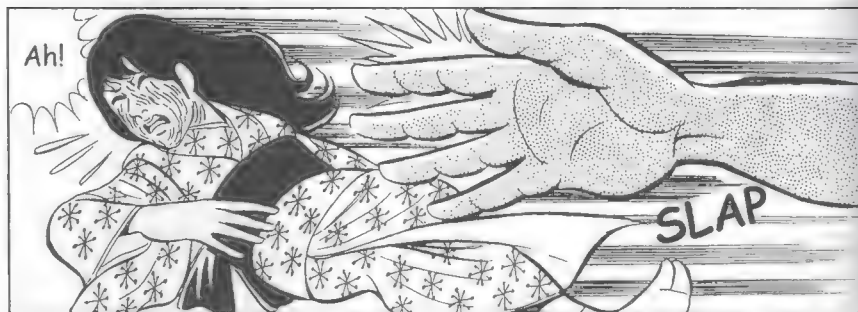




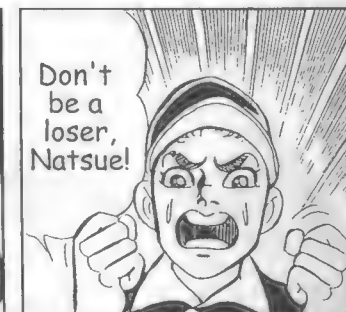
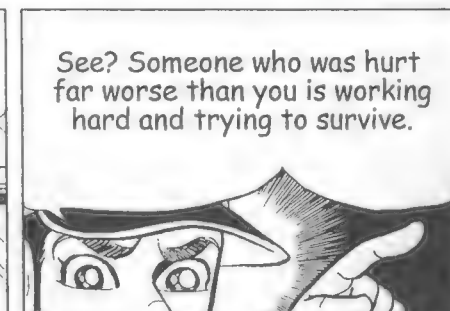
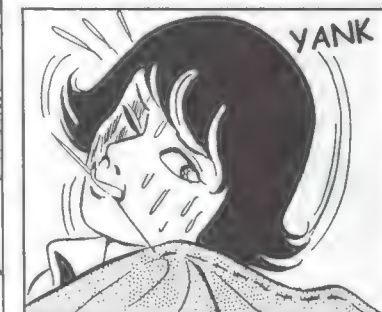
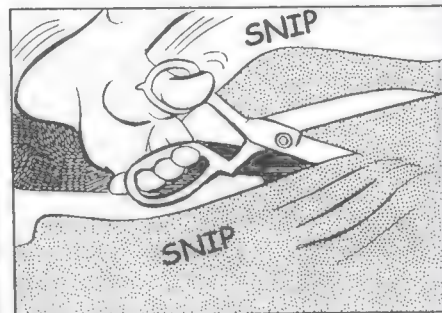
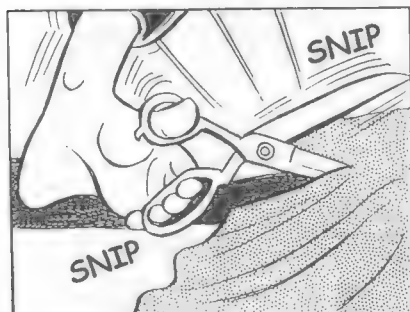




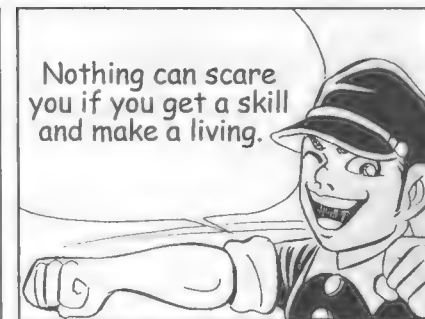
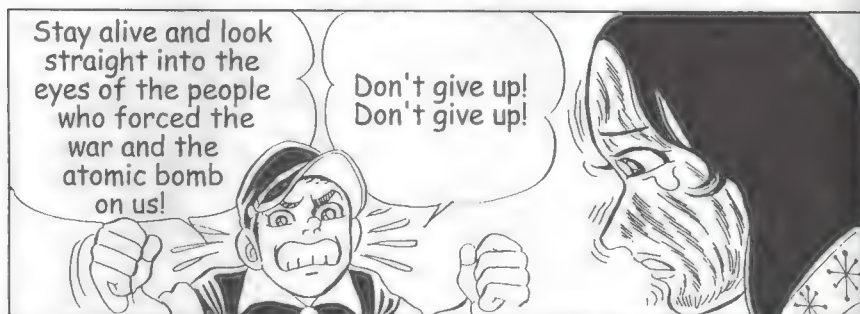
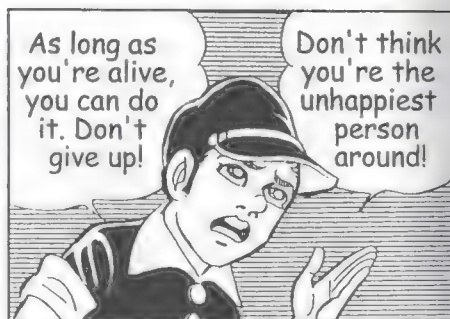
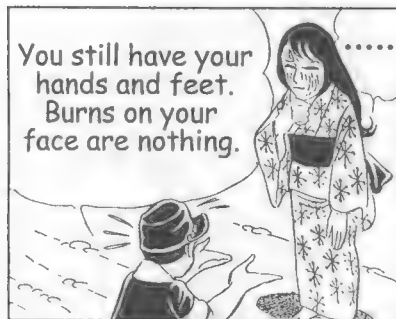




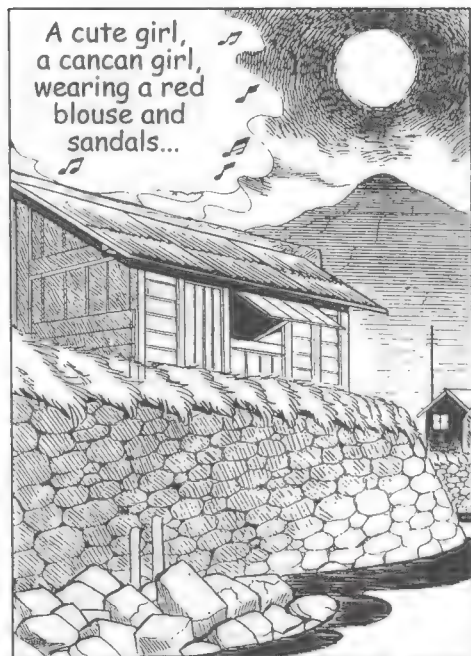












A cute girl,  
a cancan girl,  
wearing a red  
blouse and  
sandals...



Who is  
she  
waiting  
for at the  
corner on  
the  
Ginza?



Natsue,  
you have  
a great  
voice.

AH!



W-when  
did I  
start  
singing?

What?

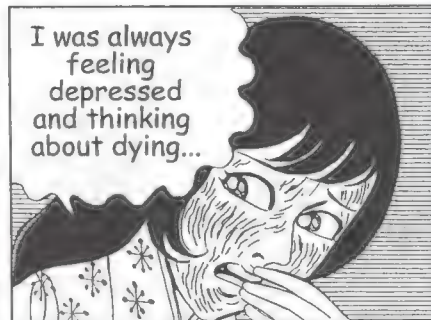


I-I was  
singing  
without  
knowing it...

What's  
strange  
about  
that?



Because I've  
never sung since  
the atomic bomb.



I was always  
feeling  
depressed  
and thinking  
about dying...



I wish I had  
met Gen much  
earlier. I could  
have come  
here sooner.

I can relax here,  
and somehow it  
gives me courage.

I'm happy  
to have a  
sister.



Katsuko,  
let's work  
together  
and open up  
a clothing  
store.

Yeah!



Like Gen  
said, I  
mustn't  
feel sorry  
for myself.

There are  
people who  
are  
suffering  
more  
than  
I am.



I'll do  
anything to  
live from  
now on.

Me,  
too.



We need  
a sewing  
machine  
for a  
clothing  
store.

I hope we  
can get  
a sewing  
machine  
soon...



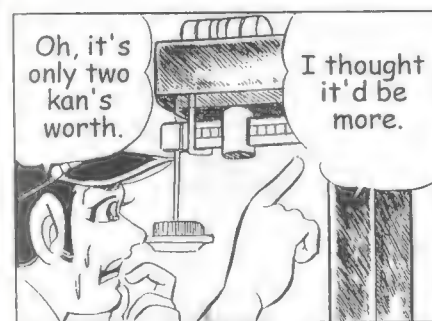
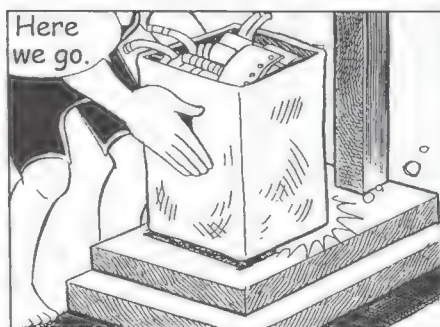
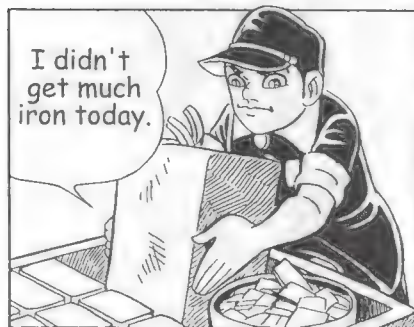
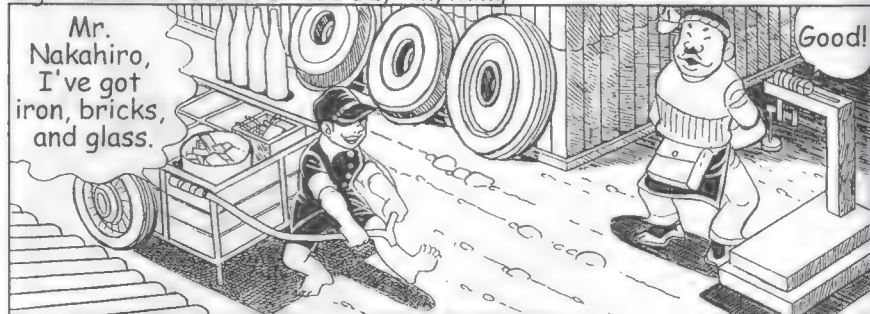
Anyway,  
we'll  
do our  
best,  
okay?

Yes,  
we  
will!





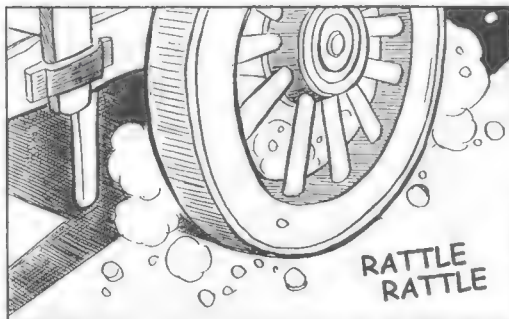
Sign: Nakahiro's Store--We Buy Anything











RATTLE  
RATTLE



Wow!



Can you  
pay for  
all this  
stuff?

Where did you  
get all these?  
They're solid  
copper.



I'll take  
'em  
somewhere  
else if you  
don't want  
'em.



Wait, I'll  
buy 'em.  
I will.



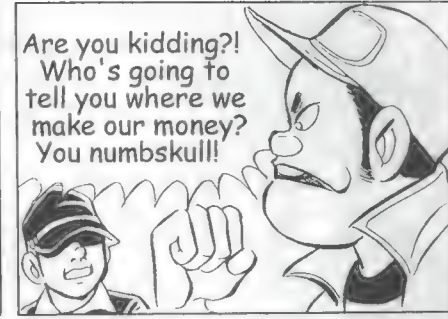
This is  
something.  
It should be  
worth at least  
three thousand  
yen.



Hey,  
don't  
touch it!



Tell me where  
you got all this.



Are you kidding?!  
Who's going to  
tell you where we  
make our money?  
You numbskull!



We could  
buy a sewing  
machine if  
we had this  
much  
copper.

I want  
it, too.



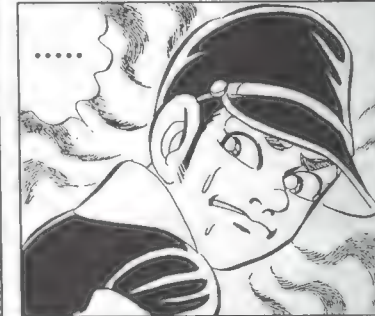
Get  
away!  
Get  
away!



Who're these guys?  
They look like  
orphans. I'll find  
out where they  
got all this.

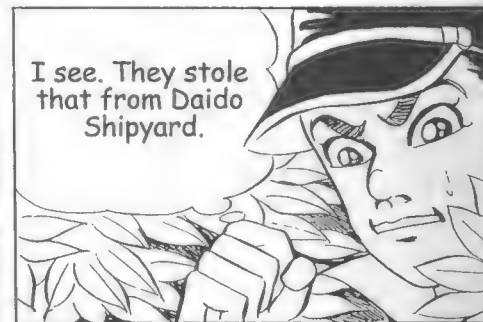
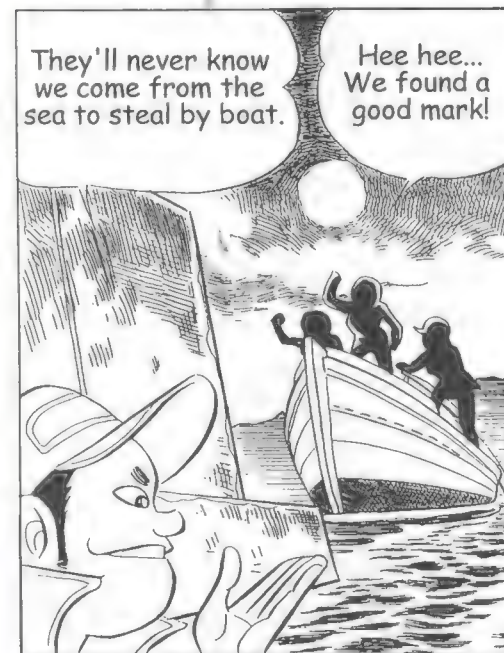
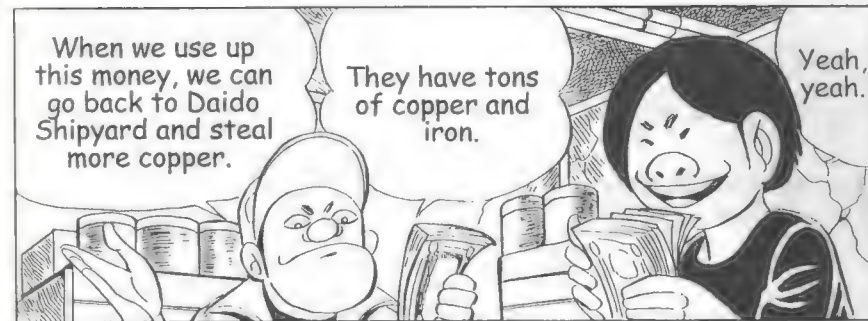
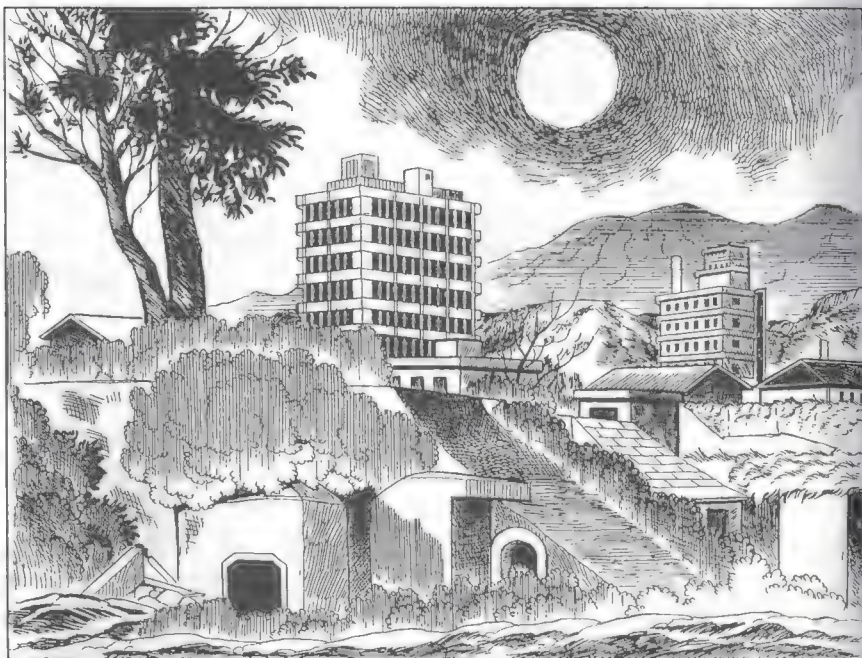


Hee  
hee...

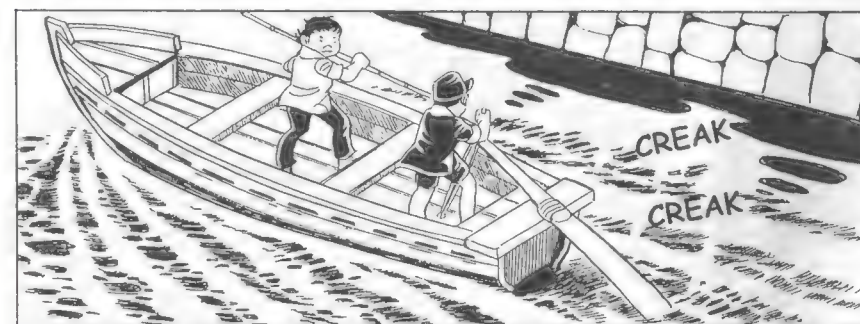
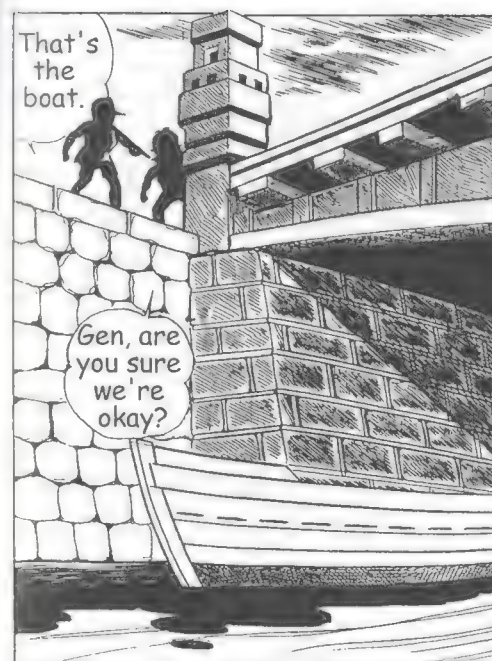
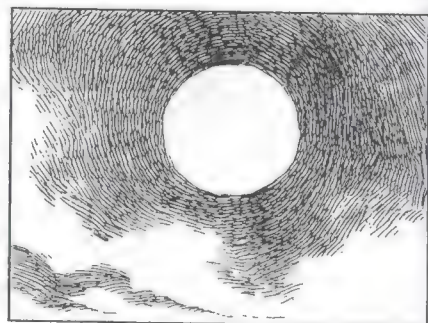


.....

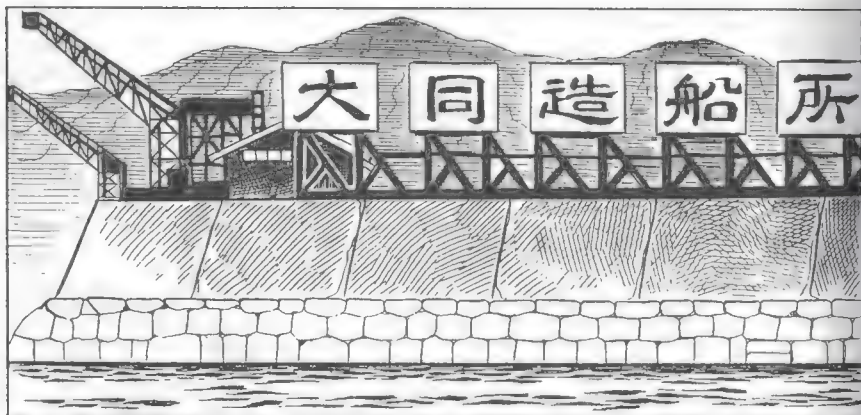




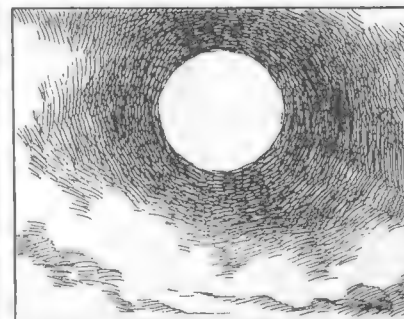
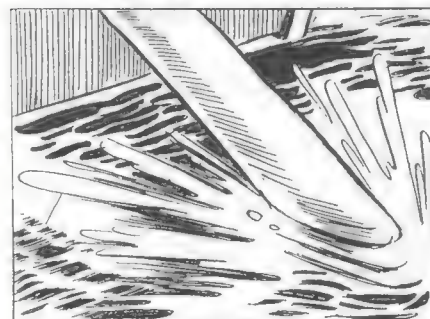
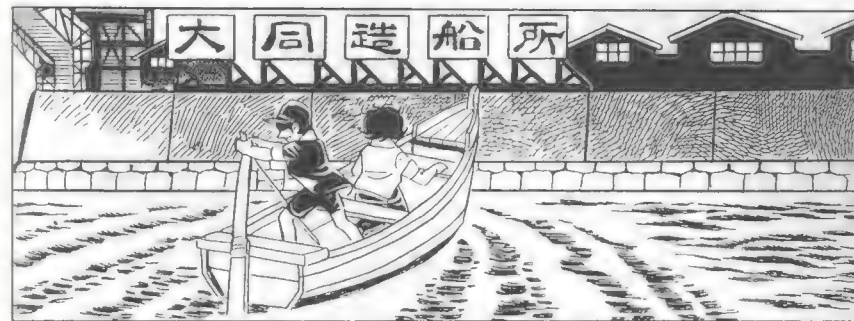
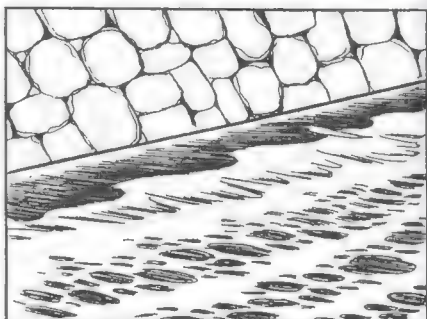
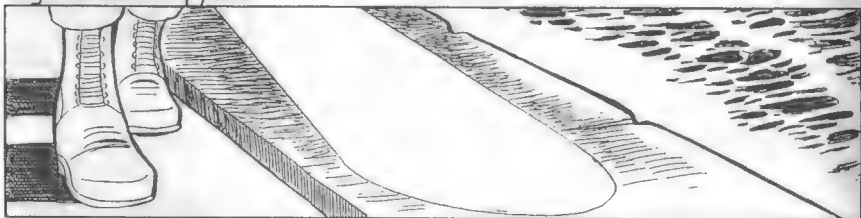




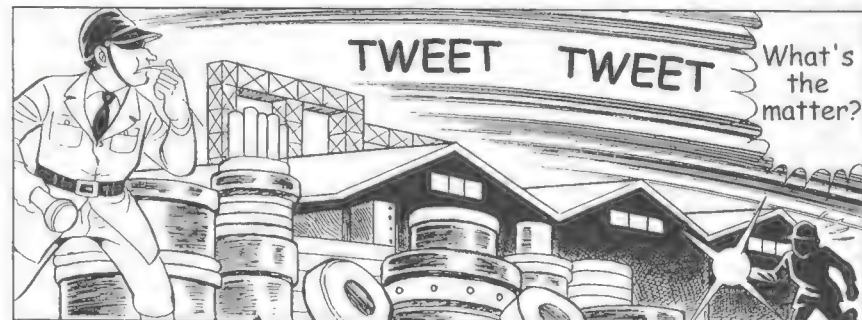
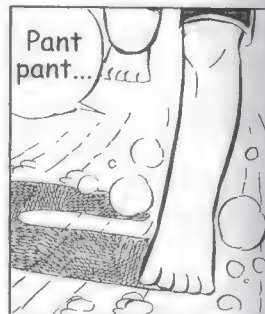




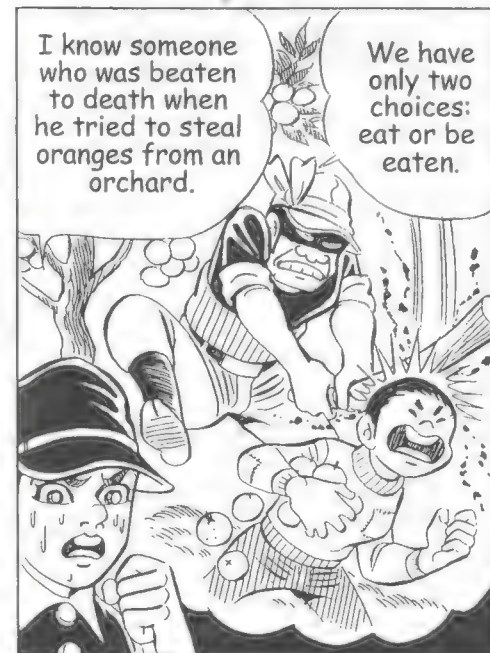
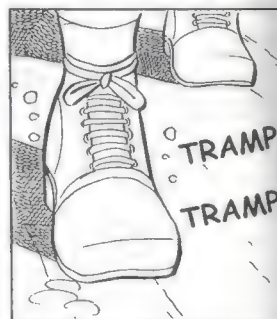
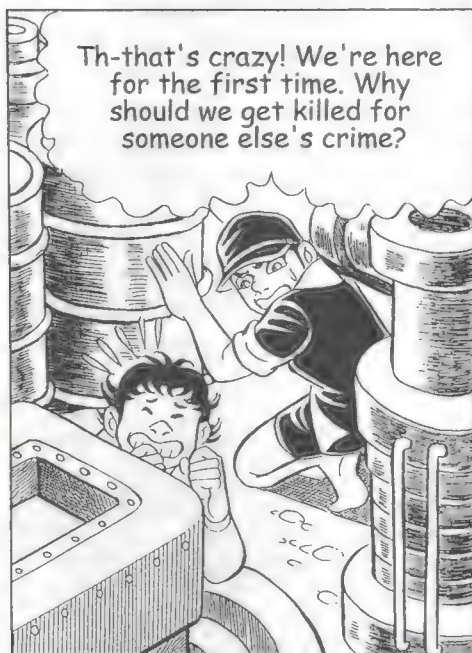
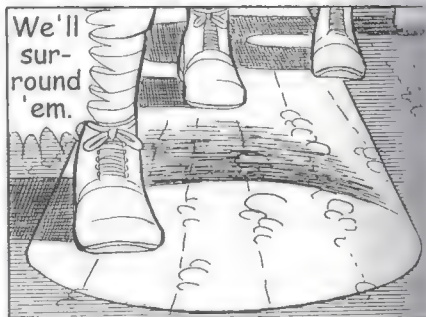
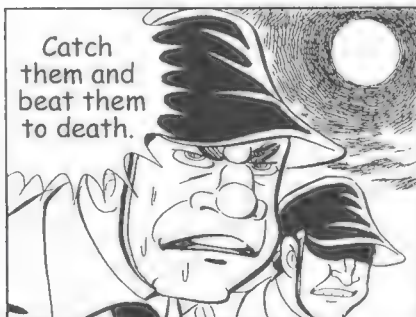
Sign: Daido Shipyard







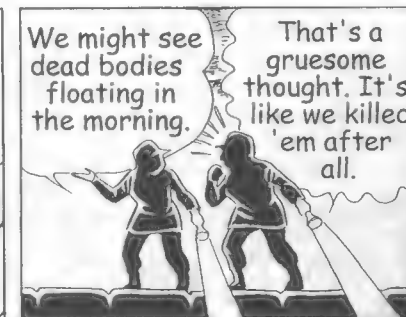
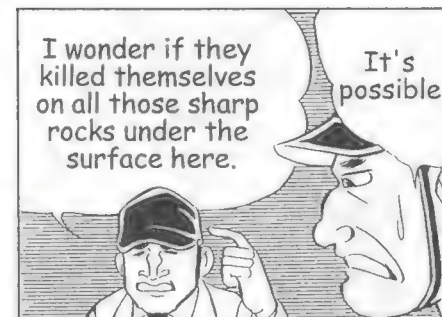
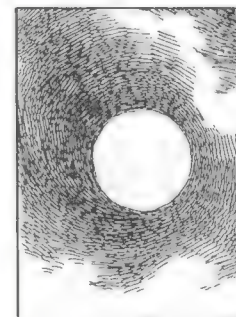
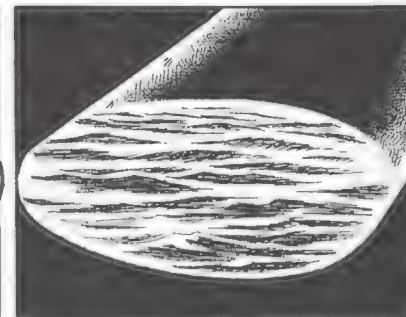
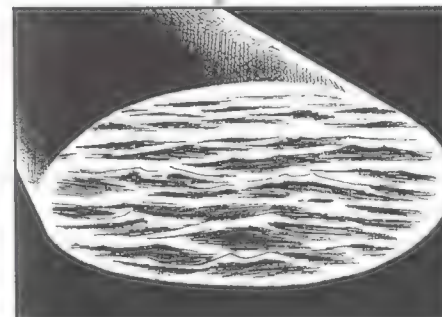
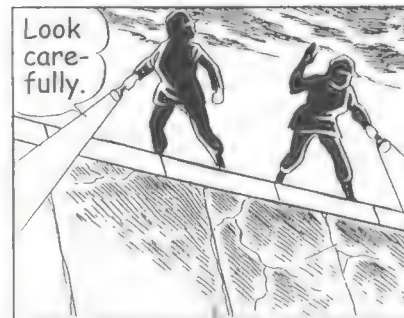
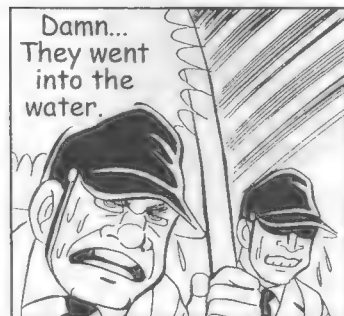
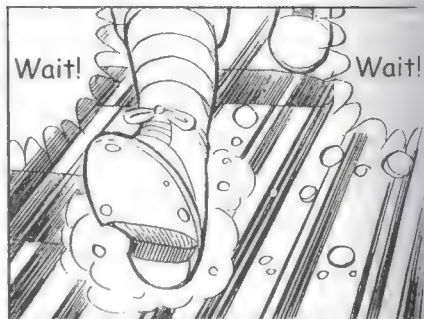




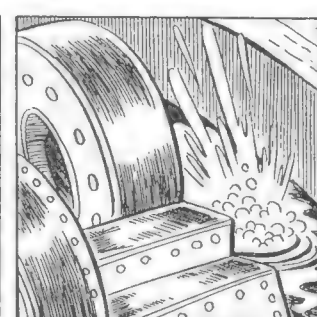
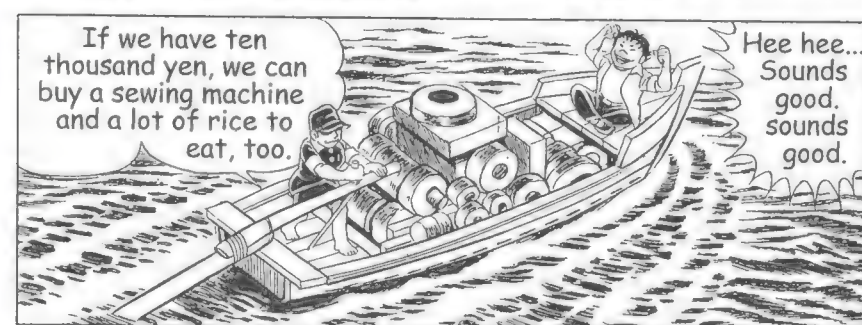
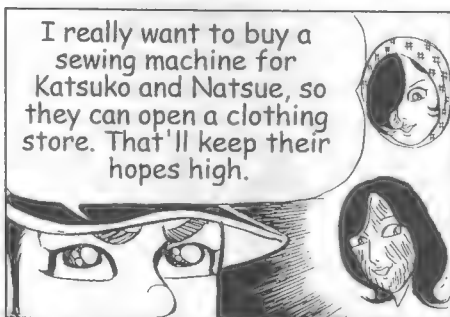
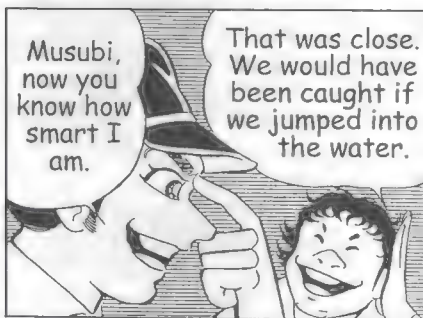
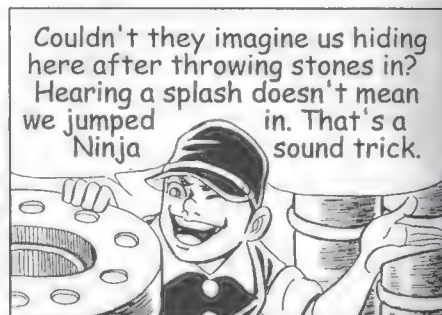
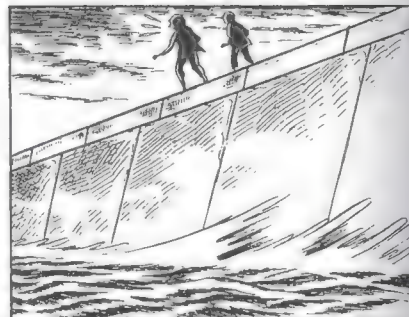
We have only two choices: eat or be eaten.



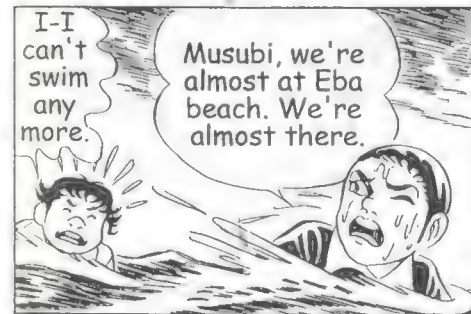
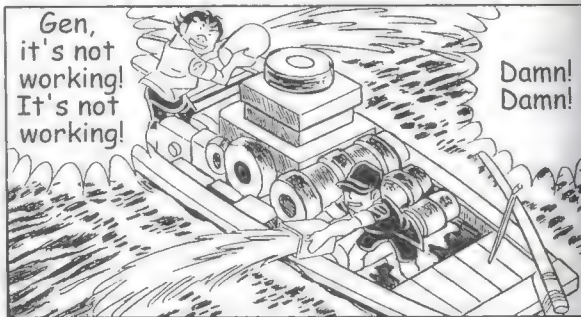
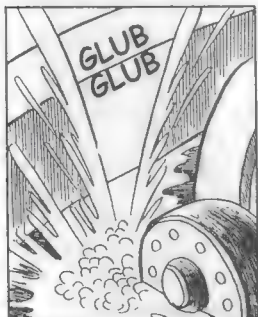
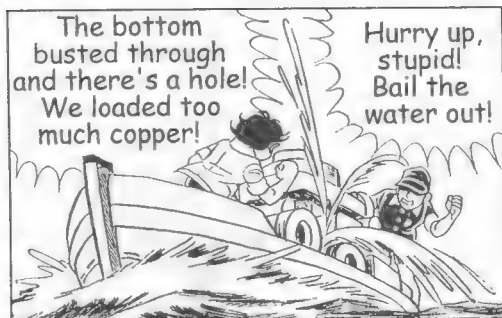




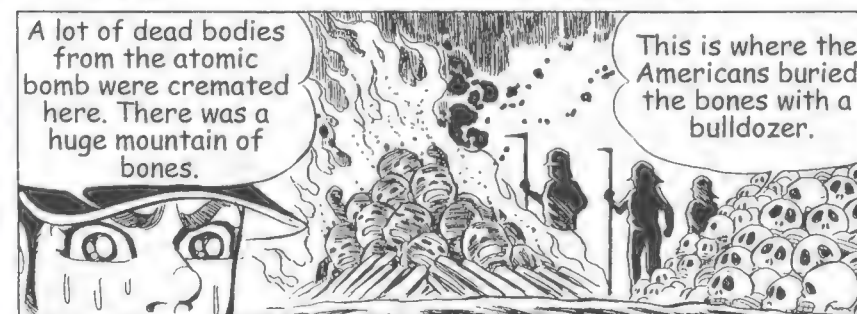
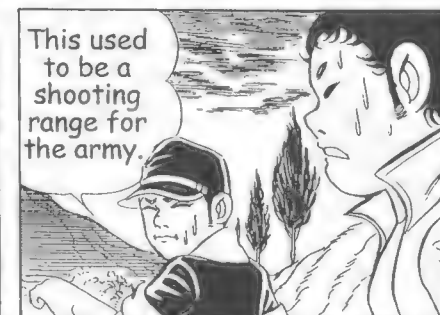
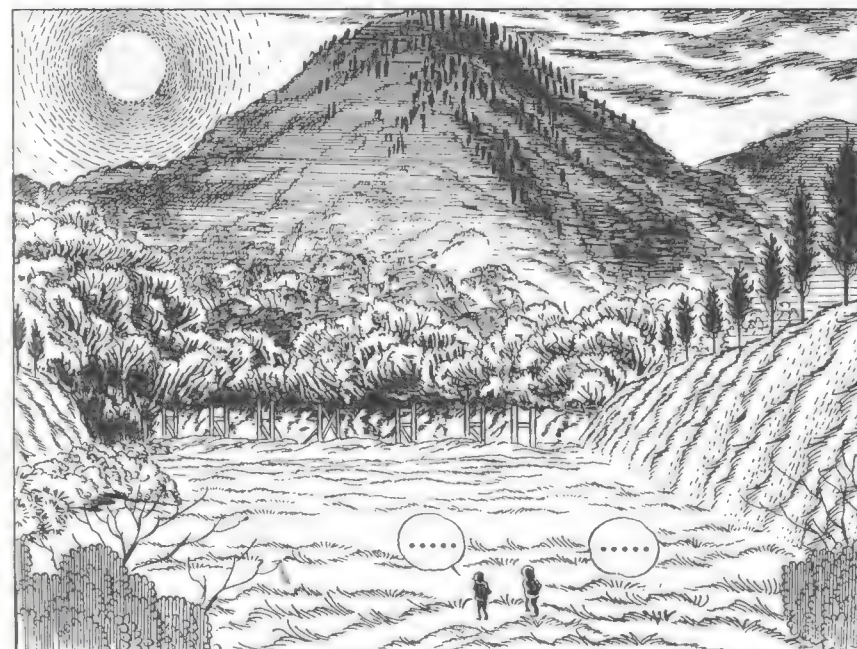




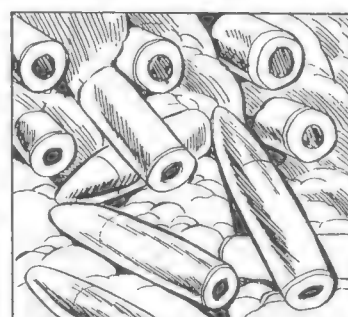
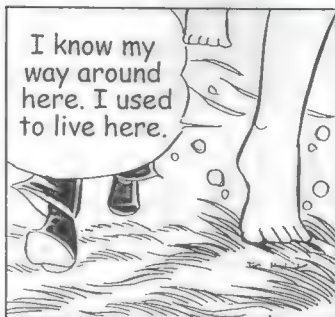
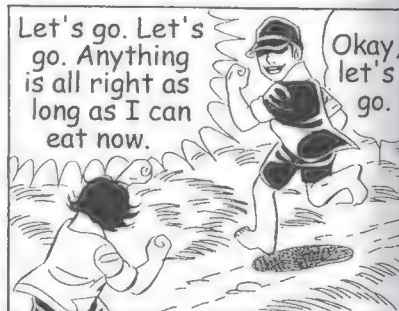
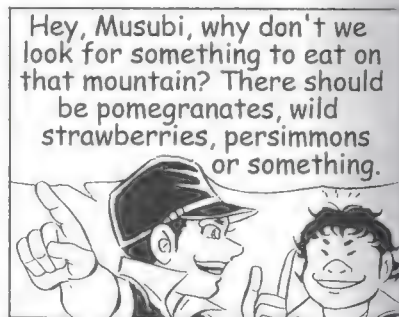




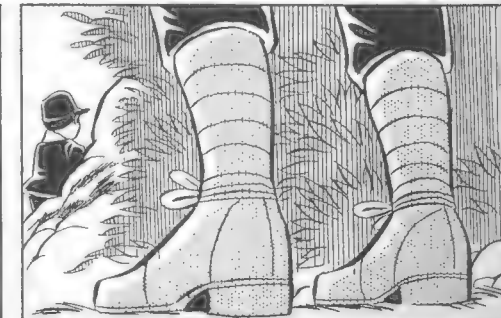
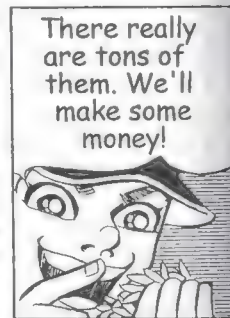
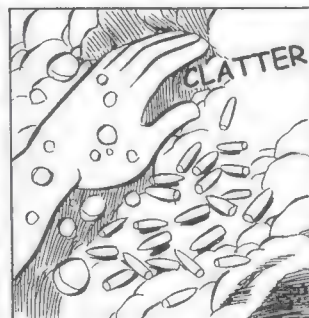
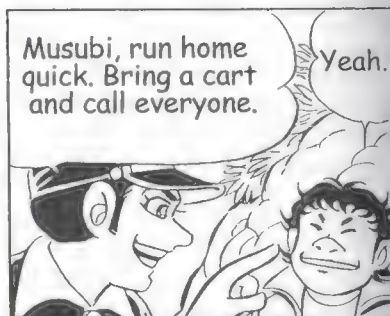
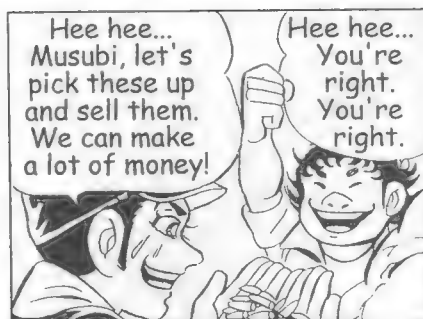




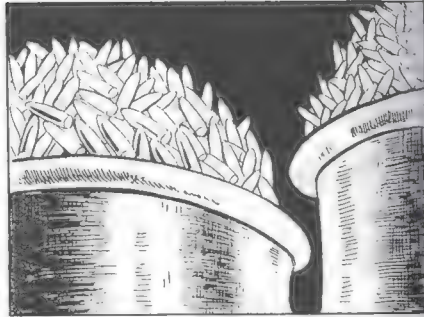
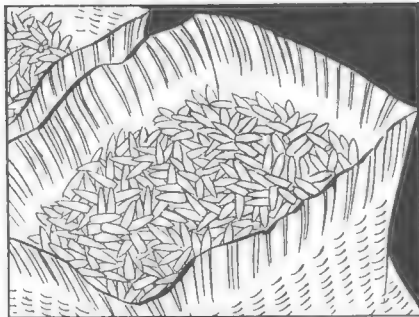
















W-what do you want?

Who told you that you could take those bullets? Leave them here and go home.



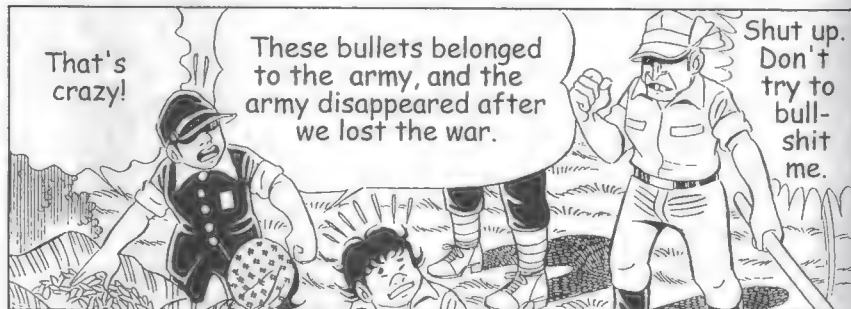
What are you saying?

Don't be ridiculous!



This mountain belongs to me.

You're thieves if you take things from my mountain.



That's crazy!

These bullets belonged to the army, and the army disappeared after we lost the war.

Shut up. Don't try to bull-shit me.



How can we just leave them and go home? That's bullshit!

Yeah!



Are you looking to get hurt?



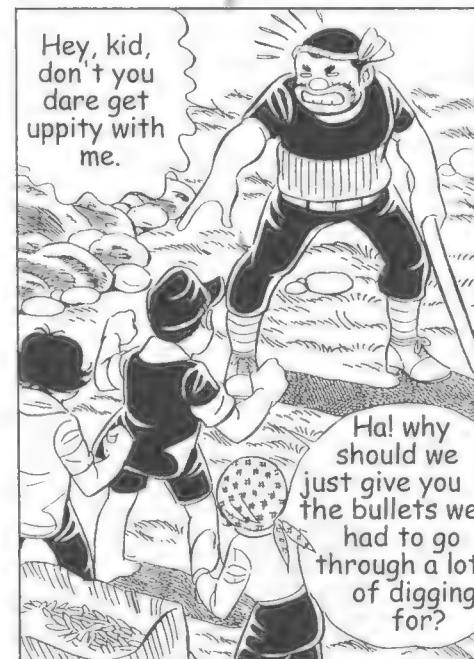
You're sneaky. When we found something

we can make money out of, you came up here to take it away from us.



Get serious!

Show me the proof that this mountain belongs to you.

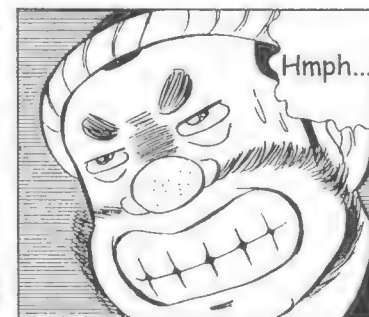


Hey, kid, don't you dare get uppity with me.

Ha! why should we just give you the bullets we had to go through a lot of digging for?



Stop playing dirty!



Hmph...



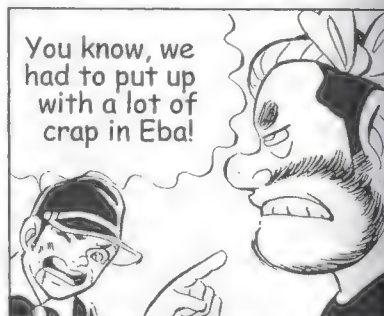
Shut up, you thief!

BASH

Unh...

Ah!



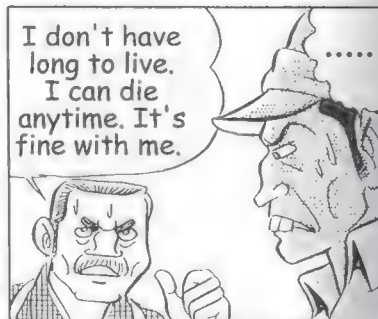






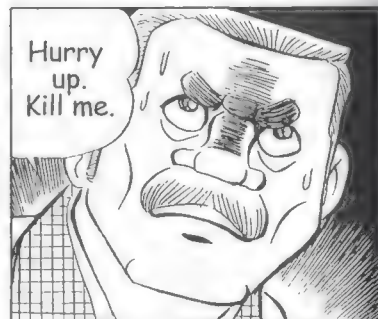
I'll be more than happy to die guarding these kids.

Go ahead. Kill me.



I don't have long to live. I can die anytime. It's fine with me.

.....



Hurry up. Kill me.



.....

.....



Now! Kill me! But I won't just die for nothing.

I'll take you two with me.



STAB!



See? I'm ready to die.

Ack!



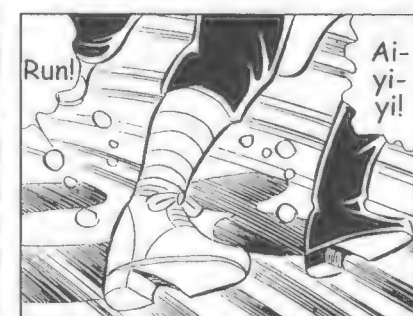
Come on! Kill me now!

Gulp!

Urkl!

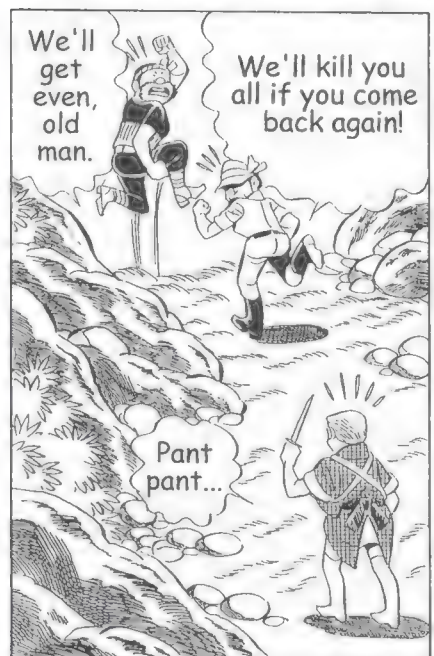


Don't think an old man can't do anything!



Run!

Ai-yi-yi!



We'll get even, old man.

We'll kill you all if you come back again!

Pant pant...



Papa, are you all right? Are you out of your mind?

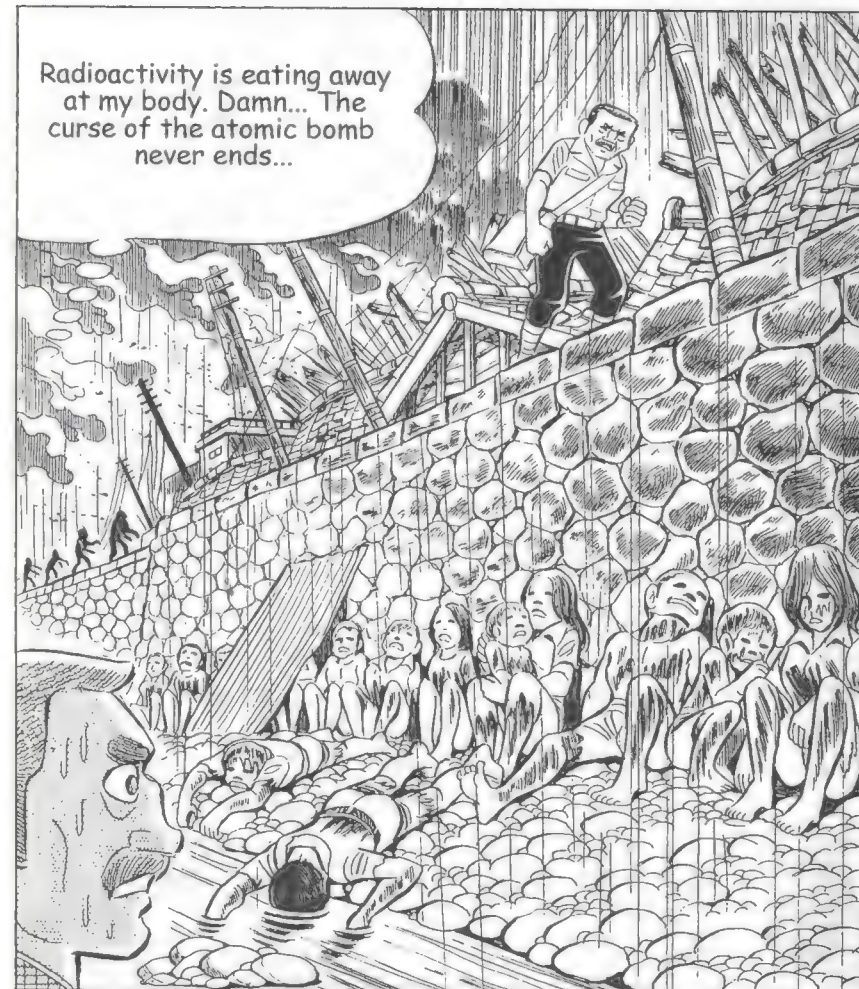
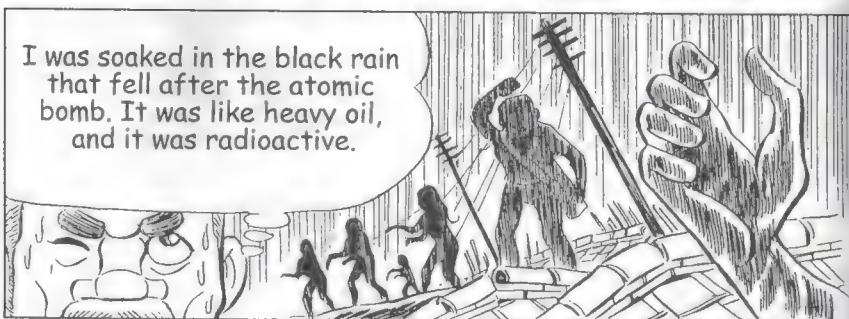
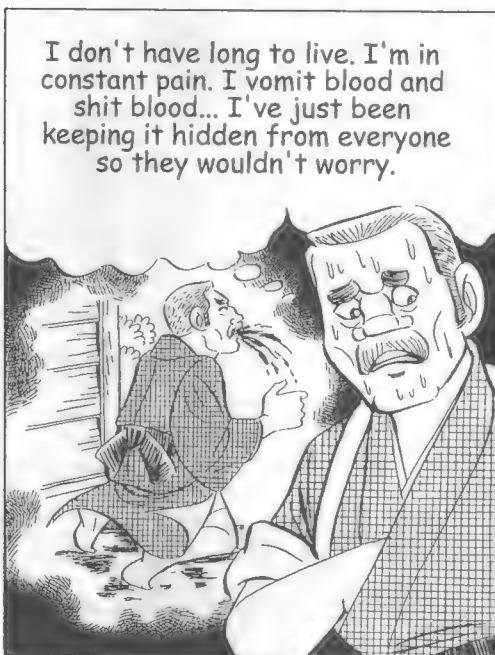
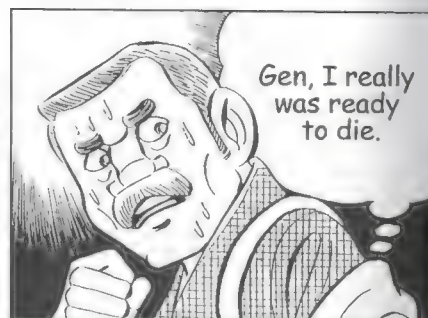
I'm all right. This is nothing...



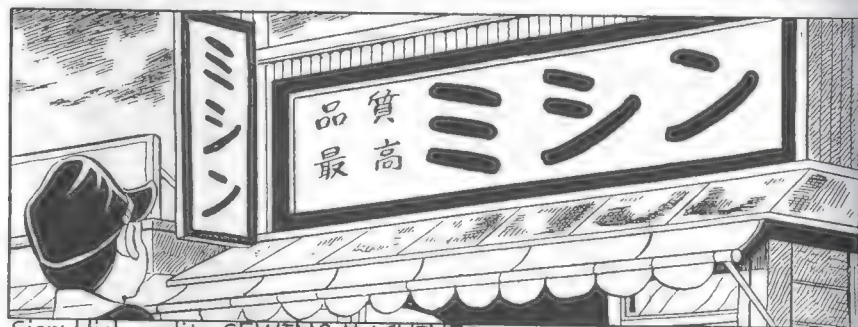
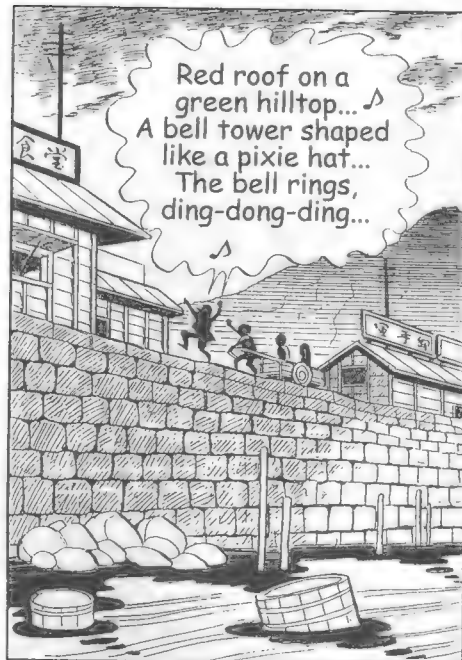
T-that was scary. I'm impressed...

You sure scared the hell out of me.

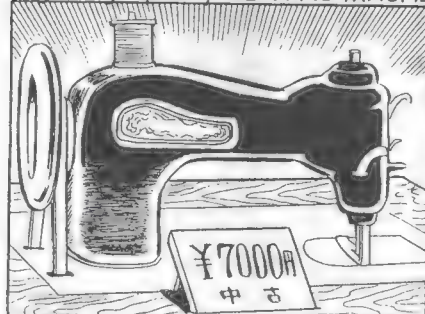




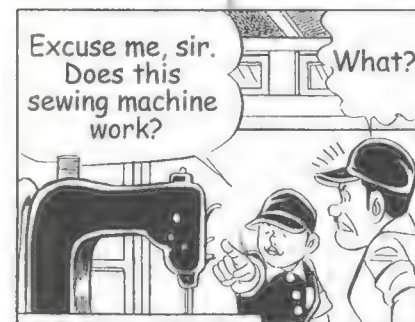




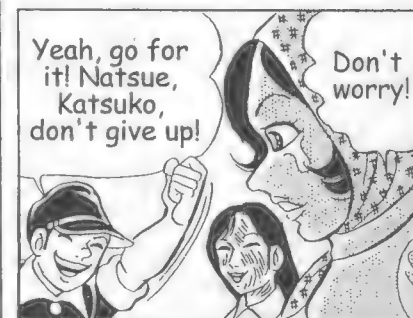
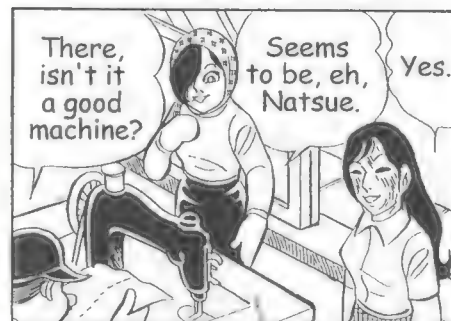
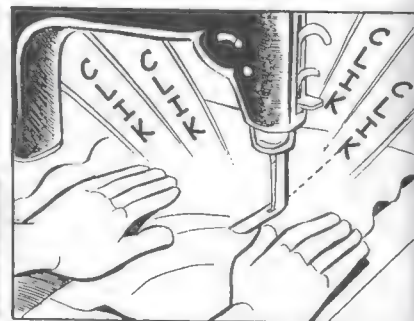
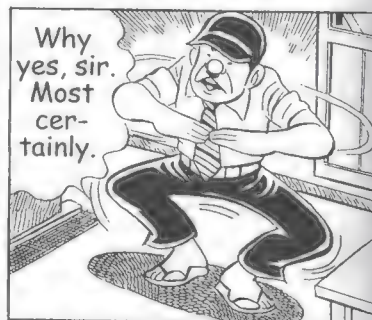
Sign: High quality SEWING MACHINES



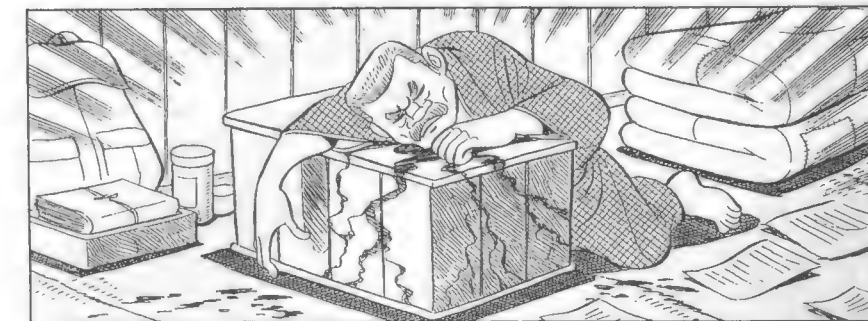
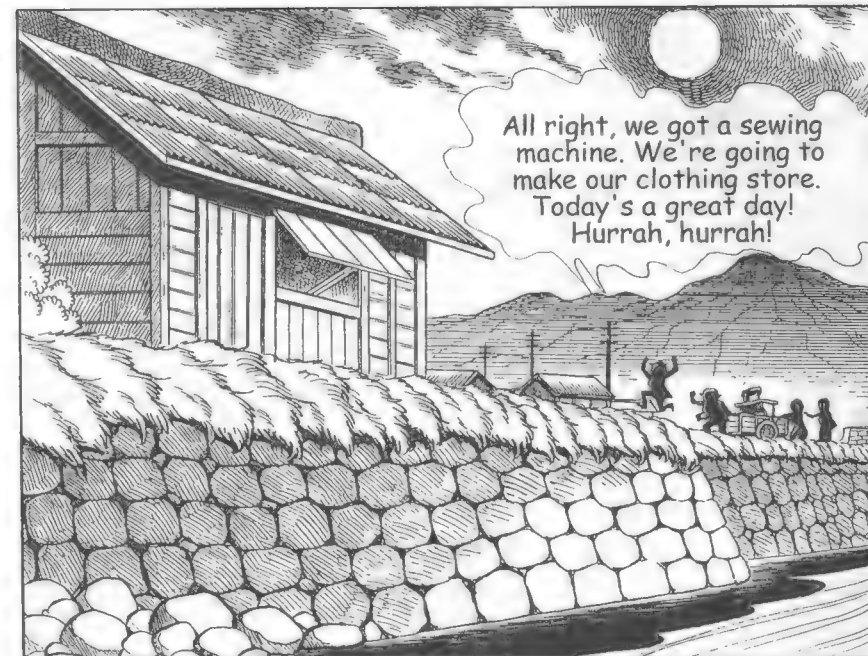
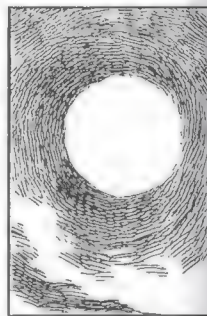
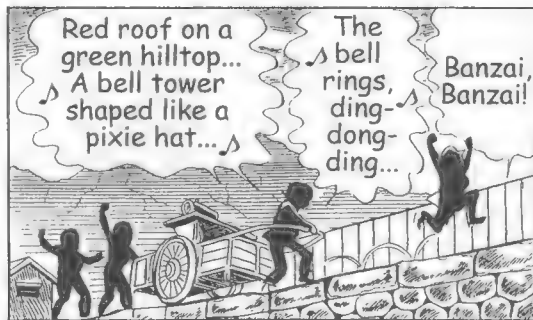
Sign: 7000 yen used



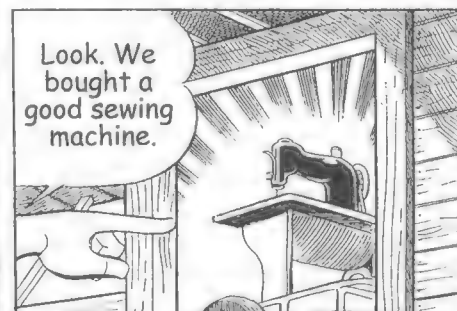
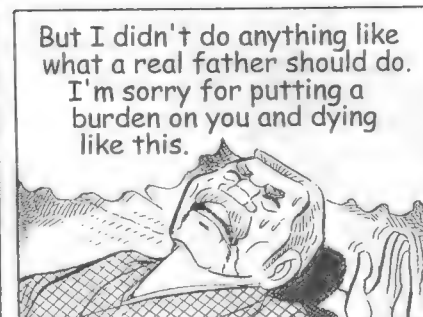
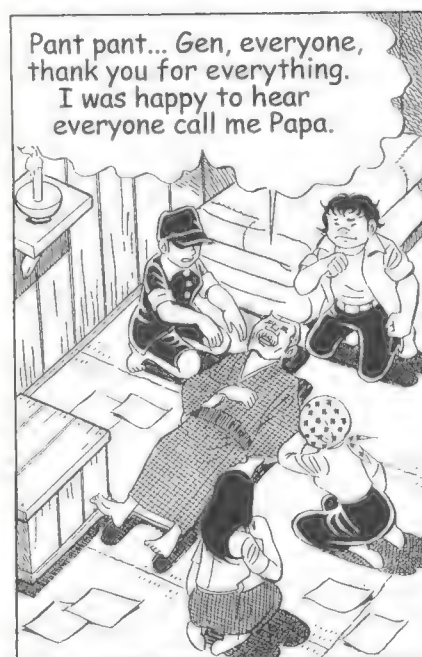




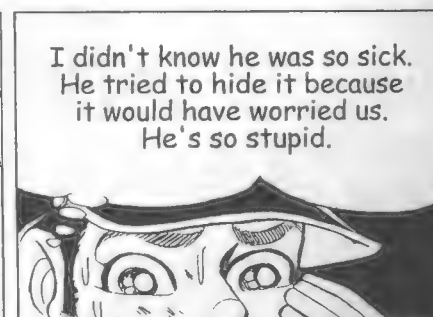
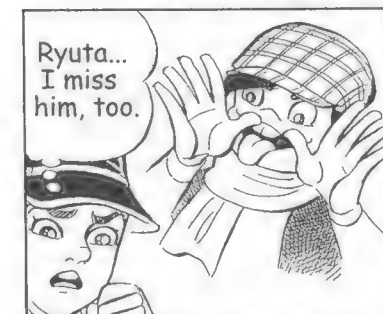
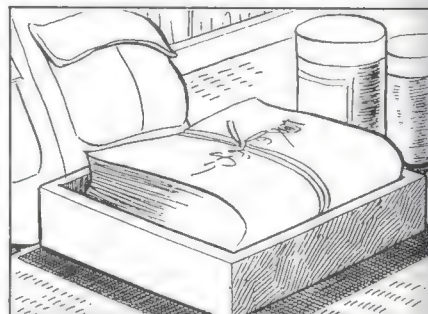
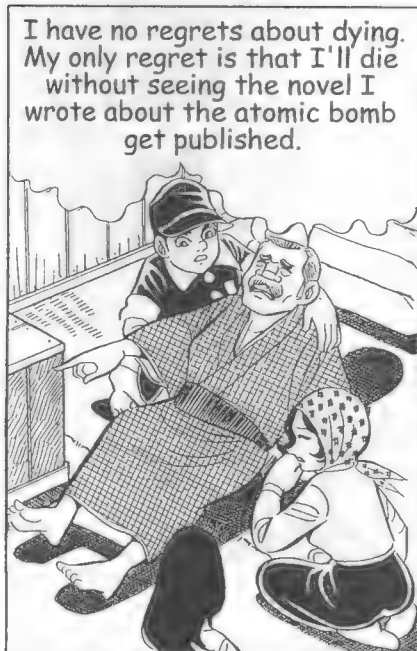
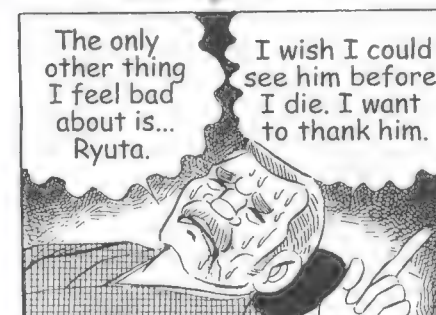
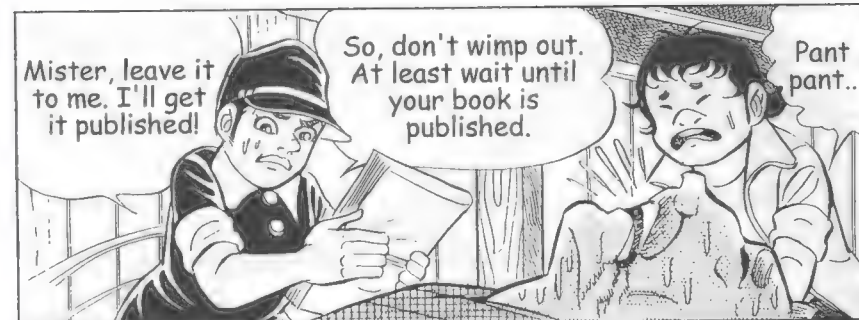
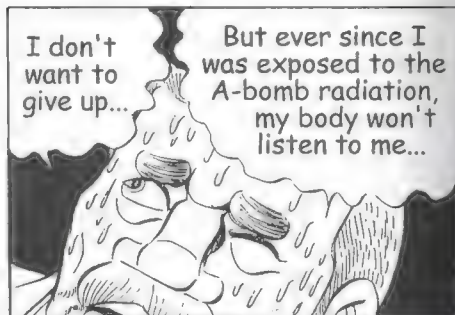




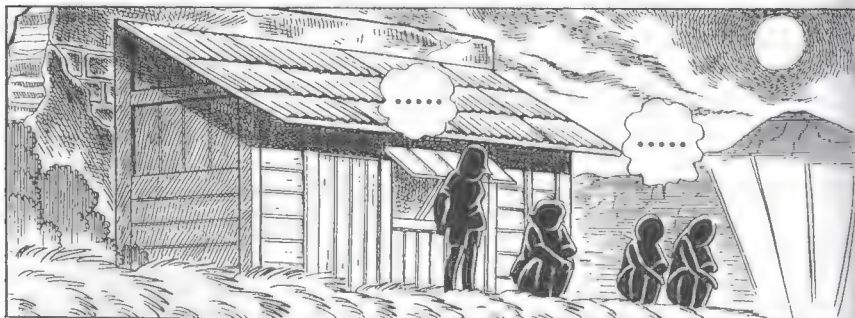
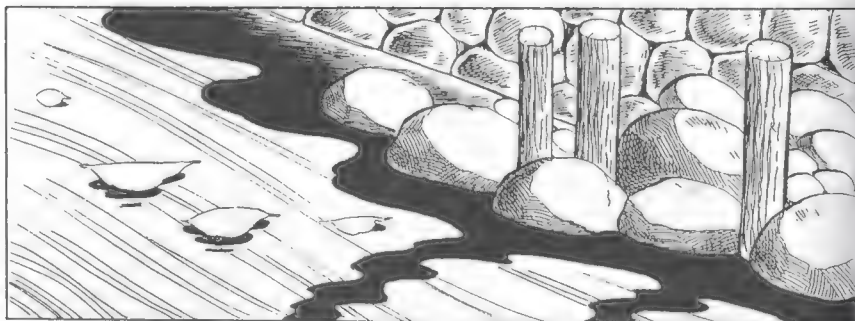












We don't have any luck. Your Papa fell sick on the day we bought a sewing machine.



It's been four years since the atomic bomb was dropped...

but people still keep on dying because of the radioactivity.



Mama is sick, too.

I don't want anyone else dying of the atomic bomb. I've seen enough. Damn!



Gen, maybe we're all gonna die someday because of the bomb disease. We were all exposed to the atomic bomb. I'm scared.



Why should we die because of the atomic bomb's radioactivity? No way! Stop being a wimp!



But it gets me down...

when I see so many people dying one after the other.

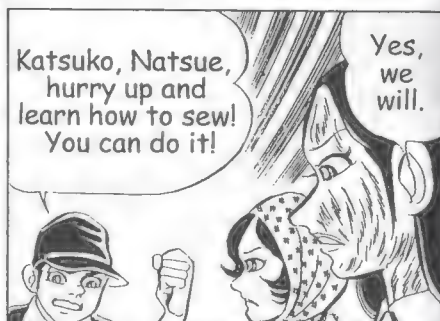
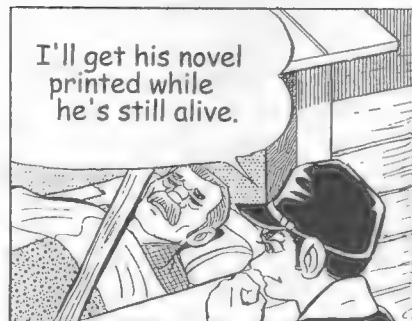
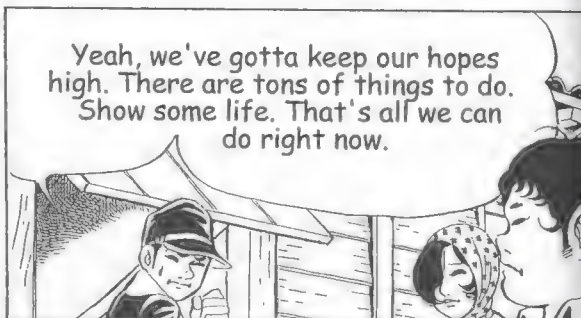
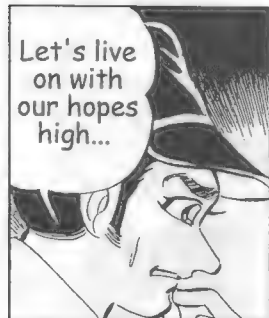
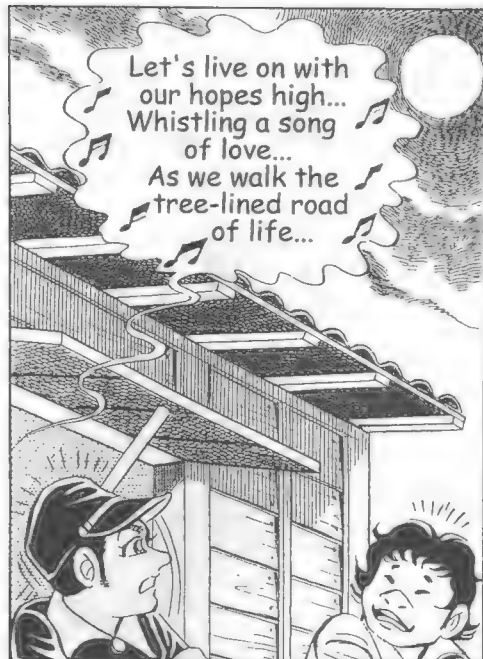


Cut it out, Musubi.

Don't think like that.



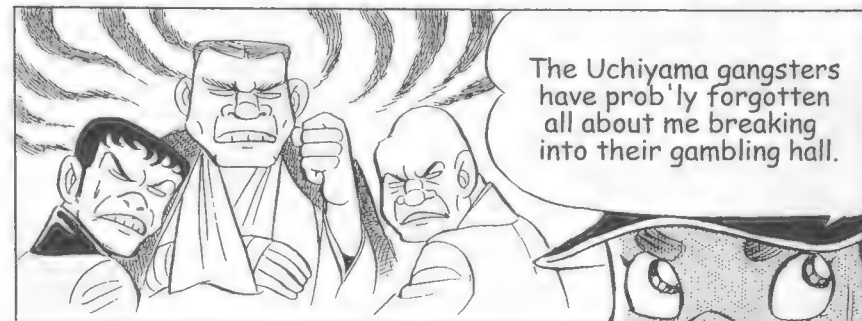
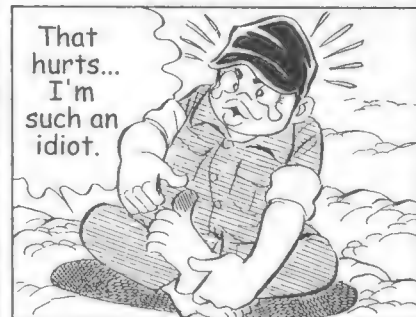
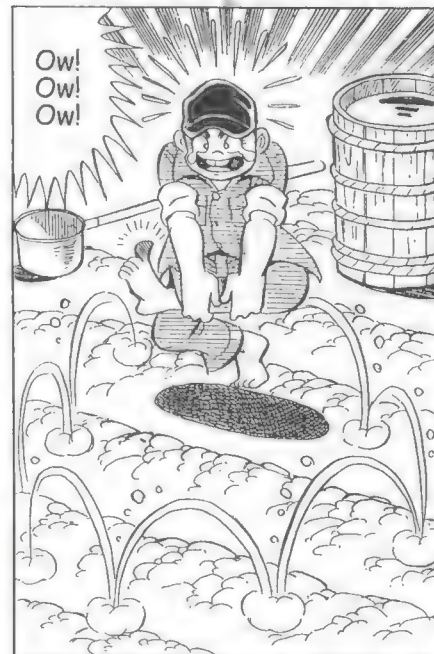
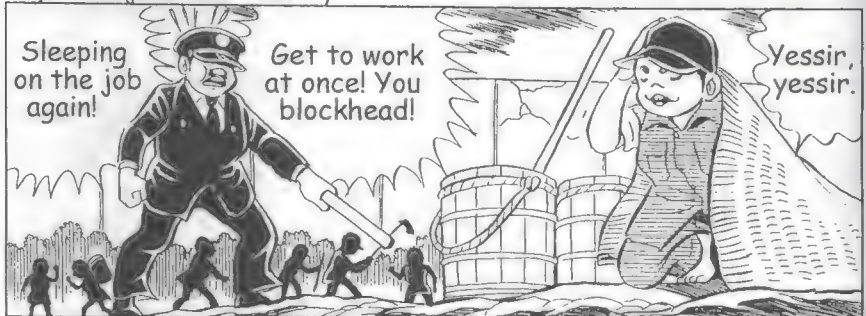
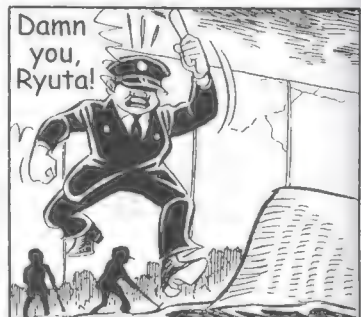




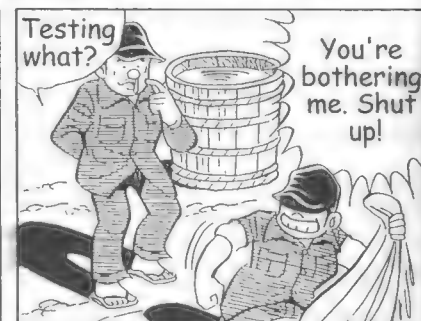
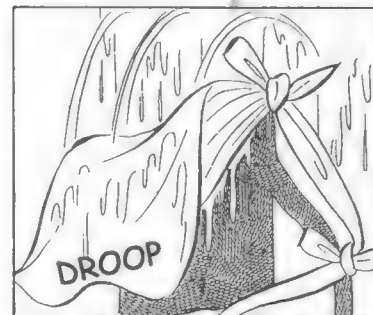
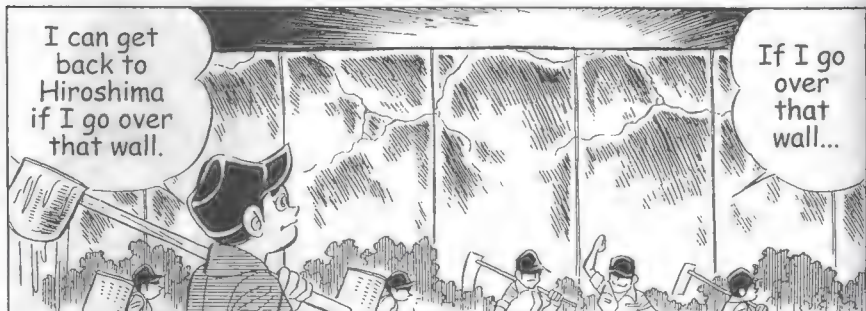




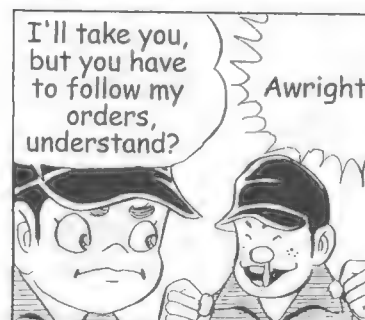
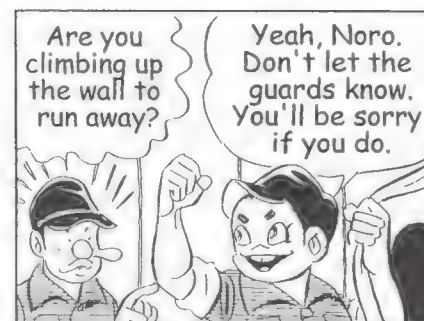
Sign: Yasujima Reformatory







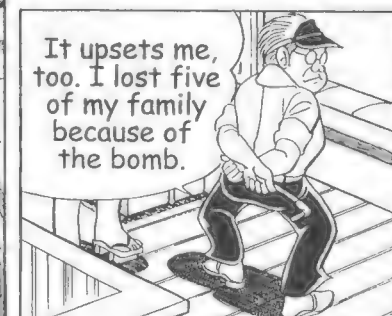
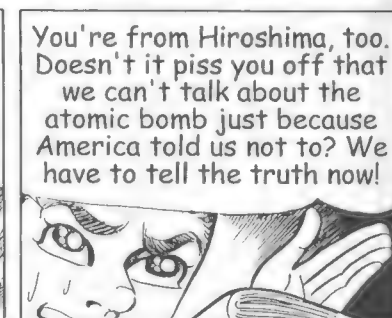
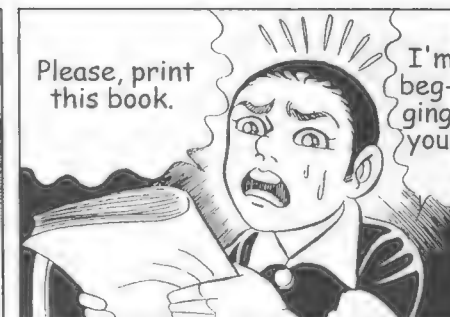
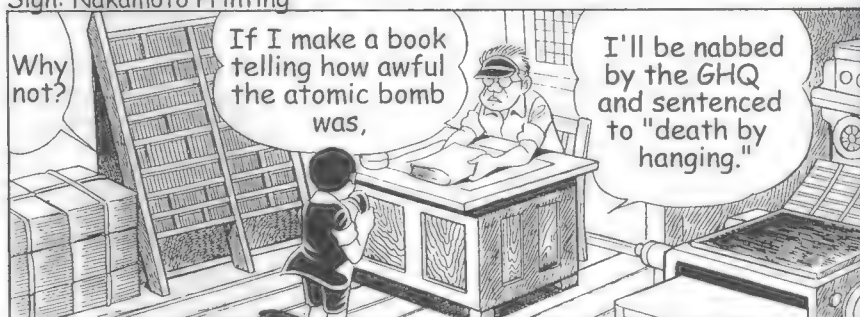




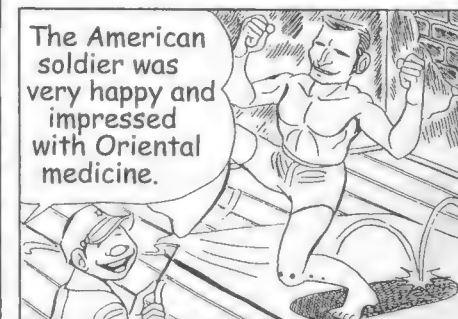
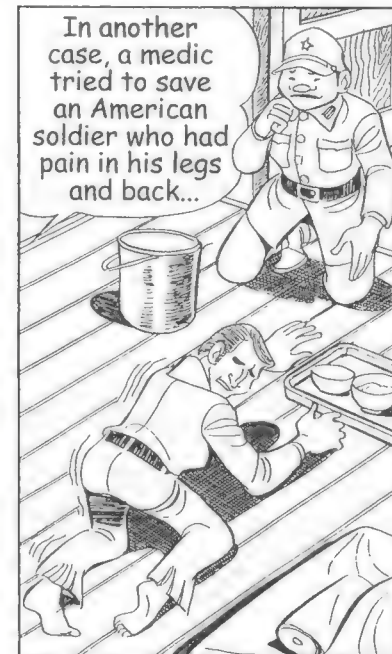
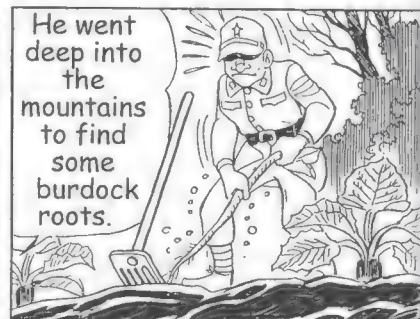
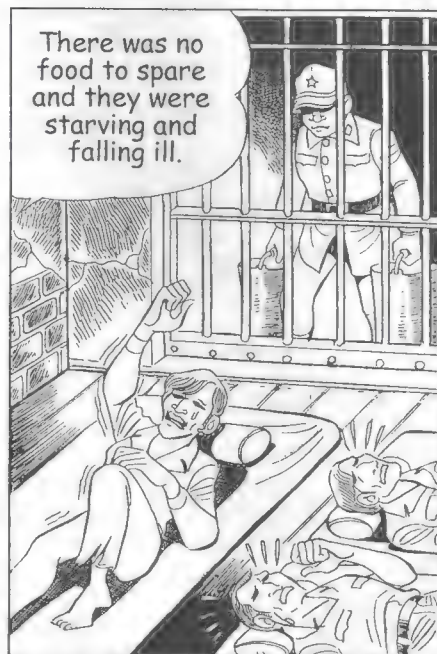
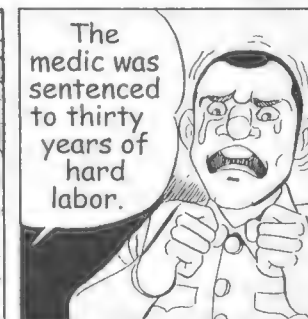
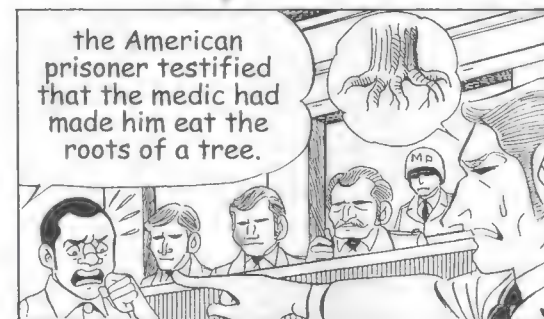
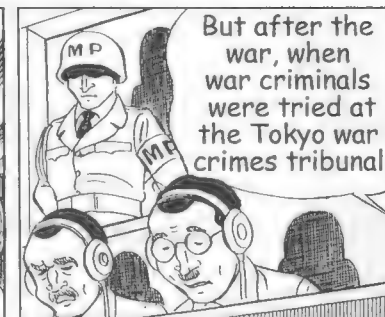
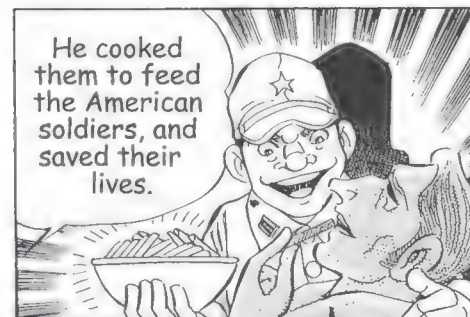
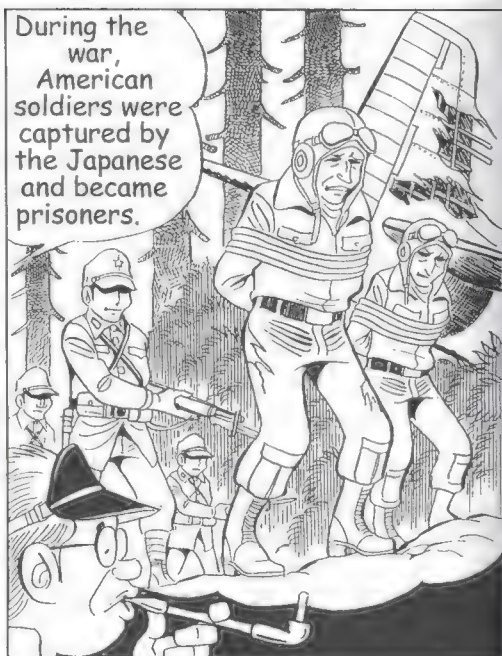




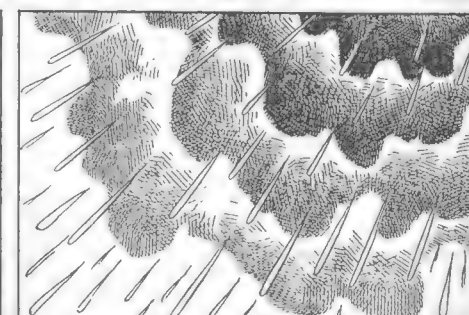
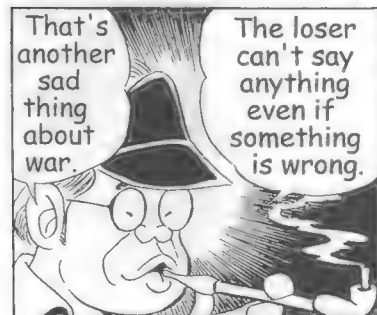
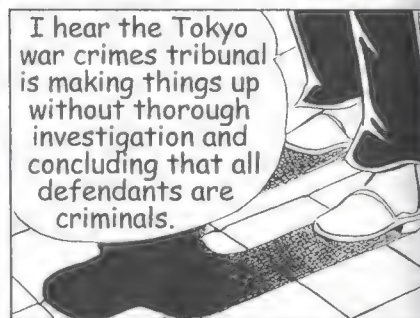
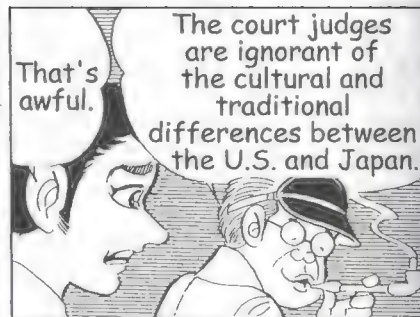
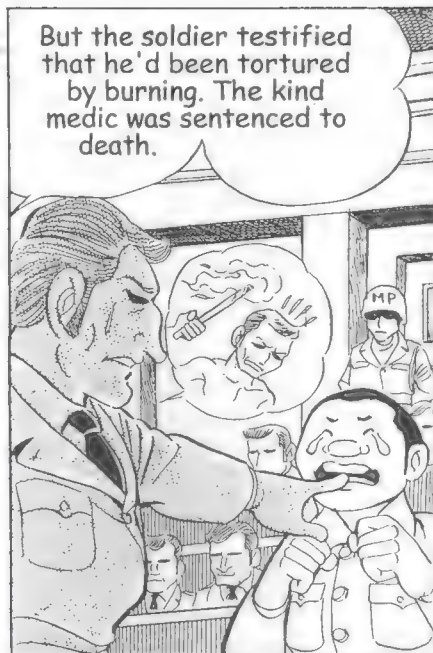
Sign: Nakamoto Printing







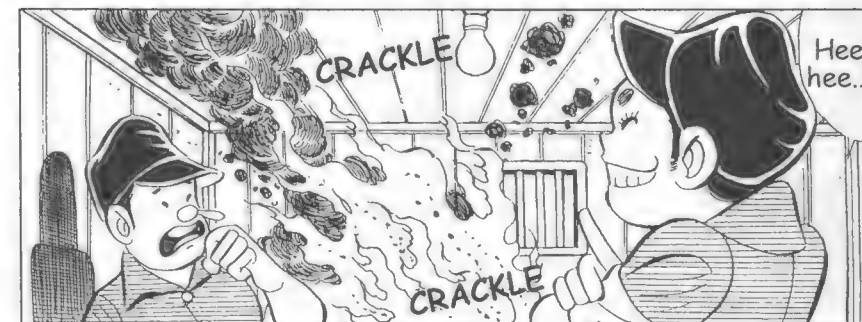
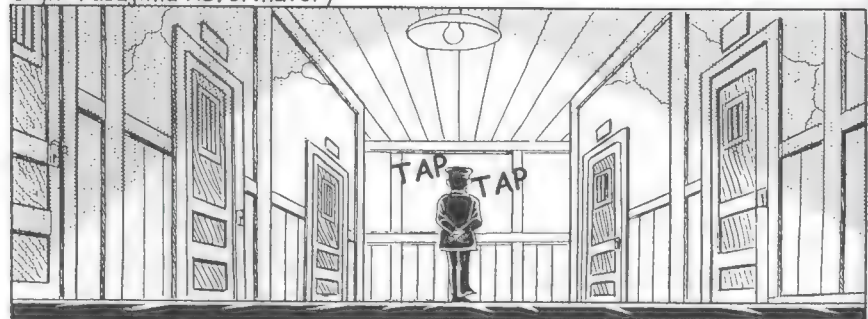
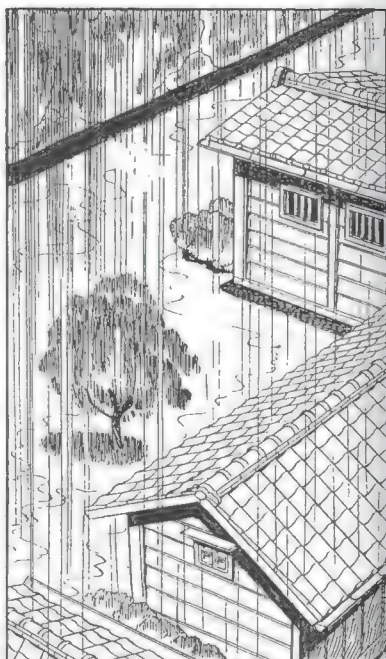








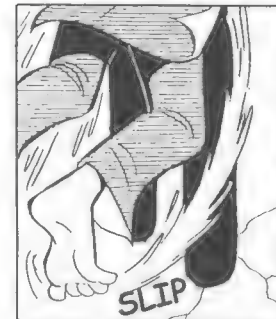
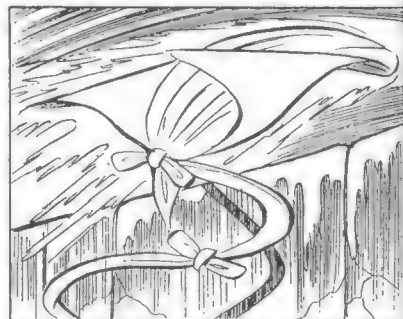
Sign: Yasujima Reformatory











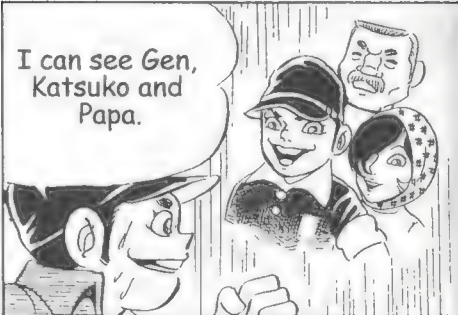








Now, let's go back to Hiroshima.



I can see Gen, Katsuko and Papa.



I was waiting for this rainy day!

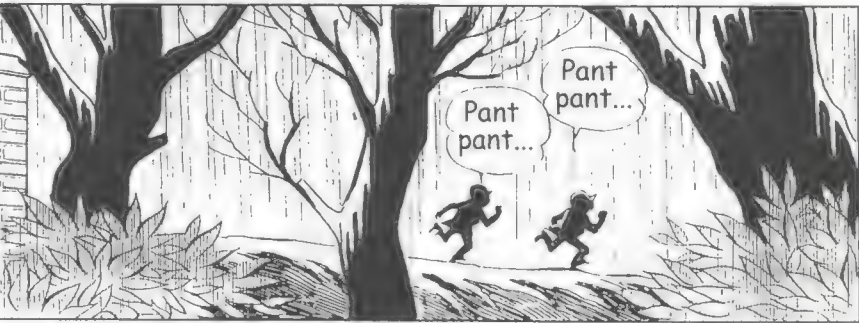
Why, Ryuta?



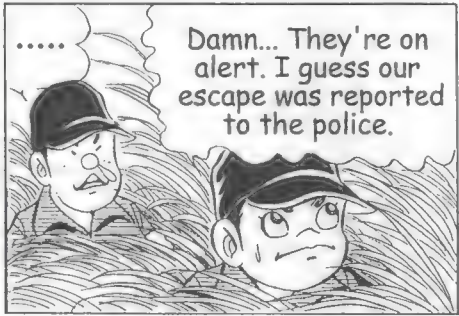
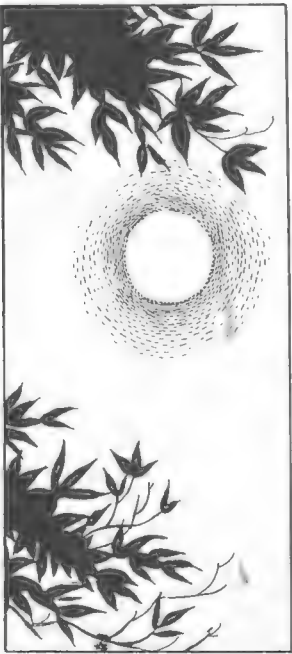
We'll be in trouble if they follow us with dogs. Rain washes away our scent.



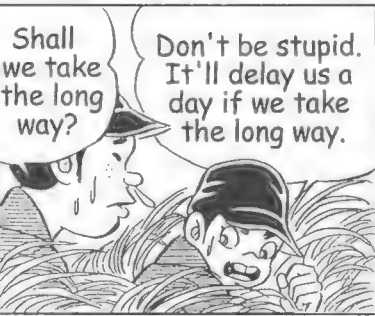
Now, run, run. Let's run to Hiroshima.



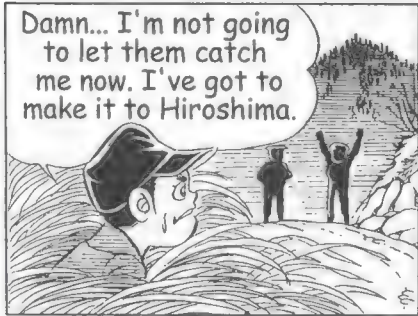
Pant pant... Pant pant... Pant pant...



..... Damn... They're on alert. I guess our escape was reported to the police.



Shall we take the long way? Don't be stupid. It'll delay us a day if we take the long way.

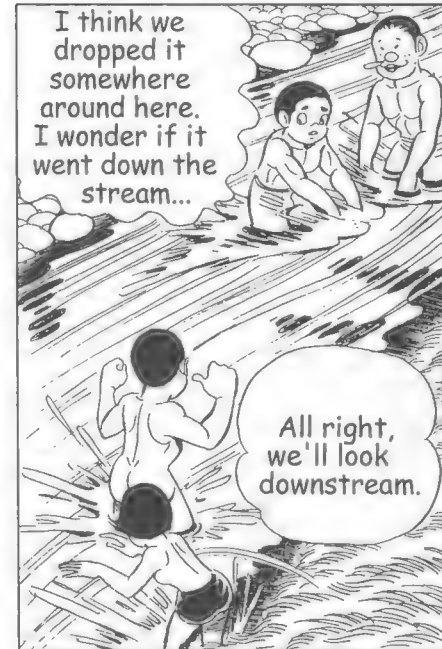


Damn... I'm not going to let them catch me now. I've got to make it to Hiroshima.

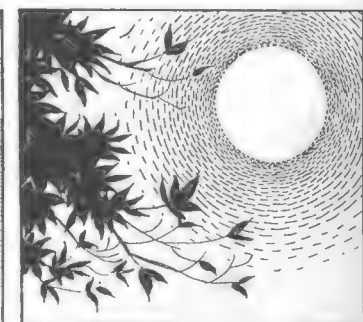
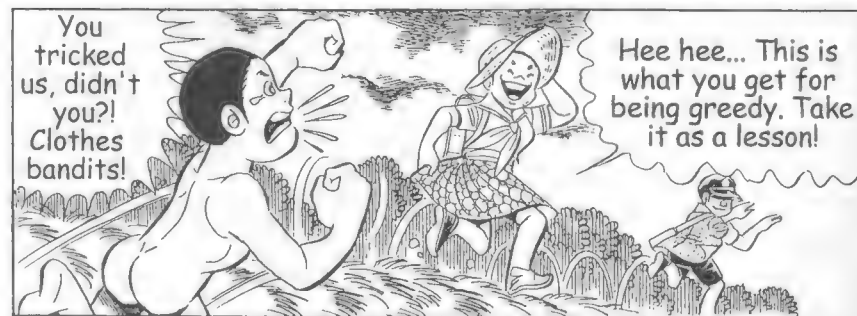
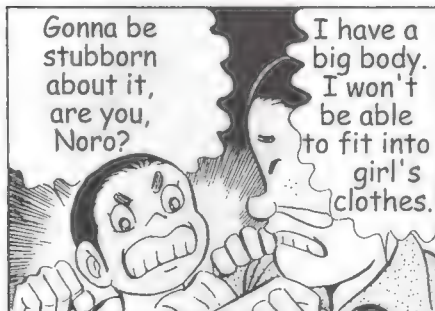


We need a strategy. Come here, Noro. Okay.

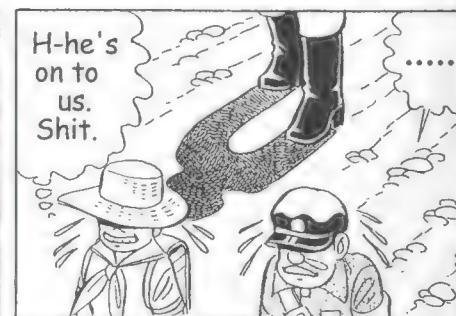




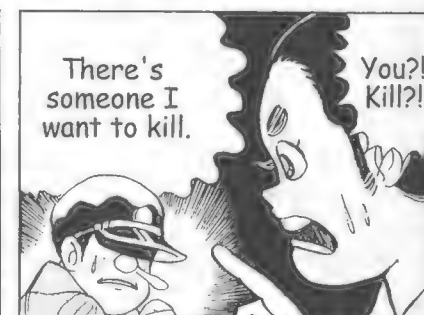
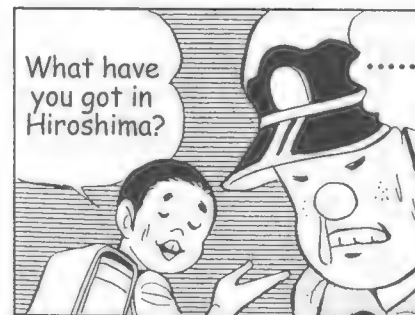
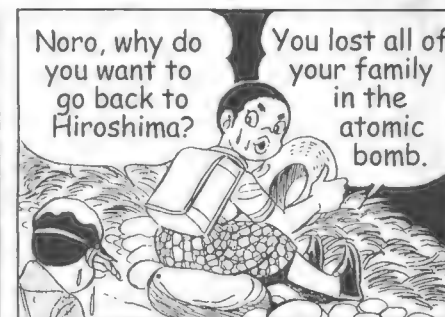
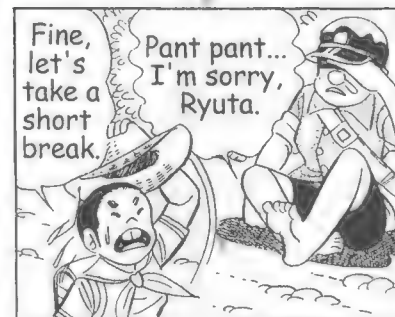
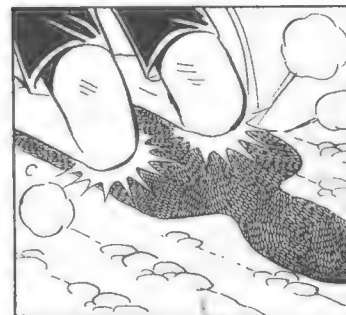
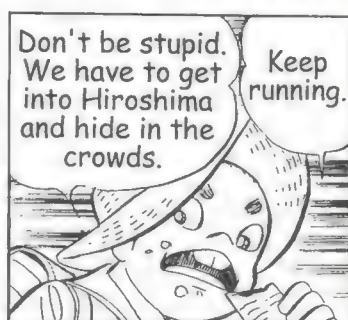
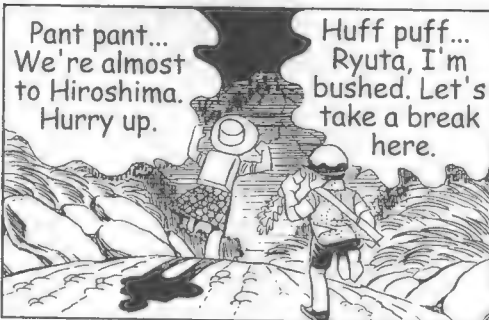
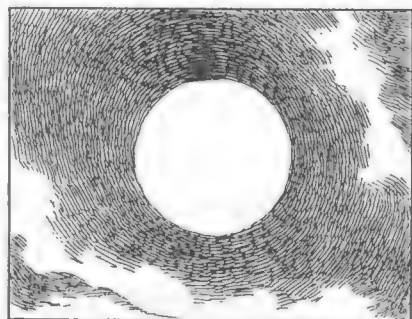




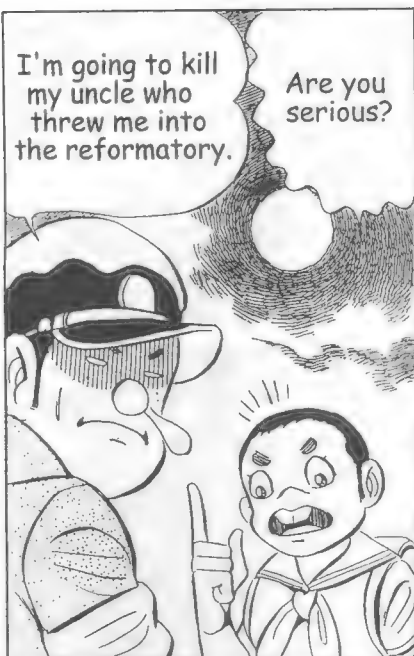








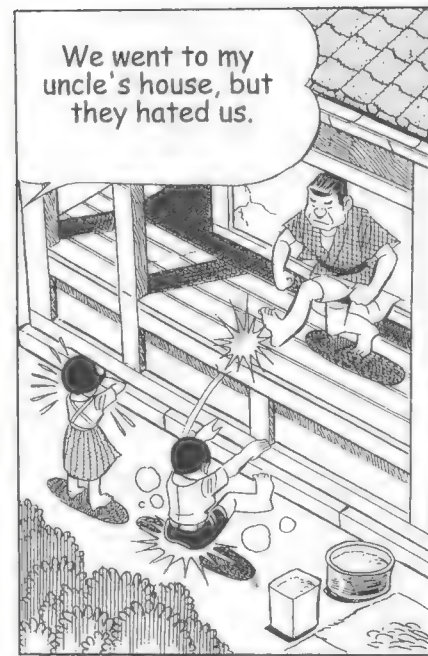




Sign: Nakasato Oil Store



Sign: Water for Fire





That wasn't the end. Uncle took all of our land and even the property we left at our evacuation place.



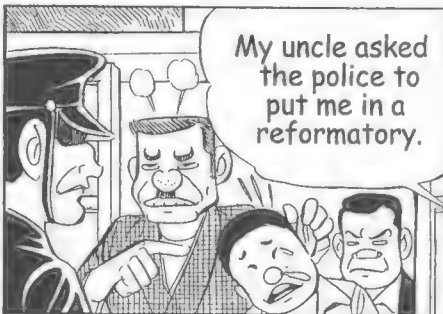
When I complained, he beat me up, and didn't give me food.



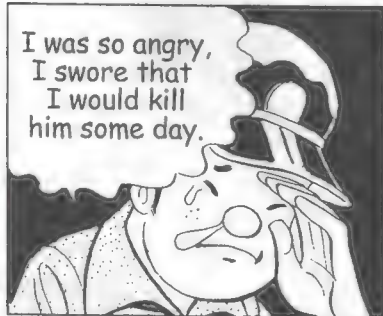
I was starving when I tried to steal some food.



My uncle asked the police to put me in a reformatory.



I was so angry, I swore that I would kill him some day.



Huh. So you've been through a tough time, too.

But that's nothing new nowadays in Japan. People don't care about anyone else.



It's all 'cause of the war and the bomb.



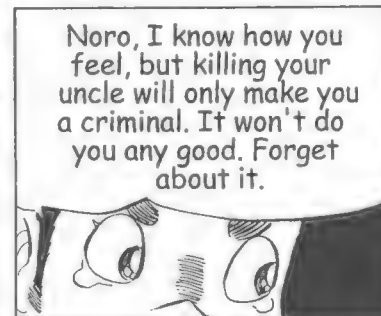
You and me would have been going to school in nice clothes if there hadn't been a war.



Damn! I want to kill everyone who started the war!



Noro, I know how you feel, but killing your uncle will only make you a criminal. It won't do you any good. Forget about it.



I have to do it! I have to!



I see. You really want to do it.

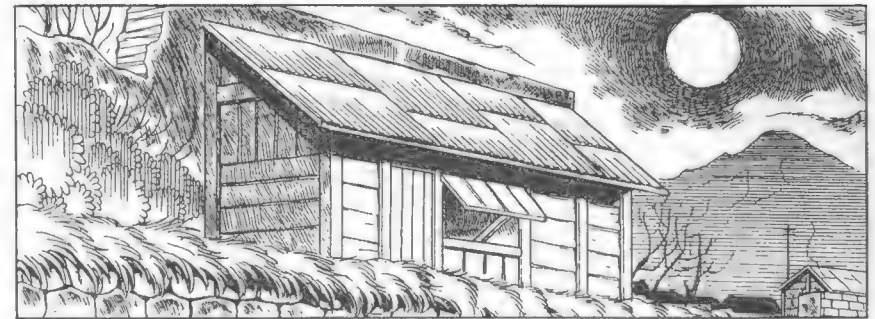
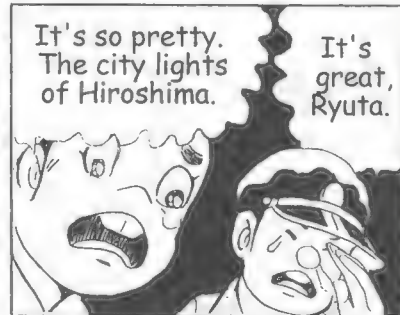
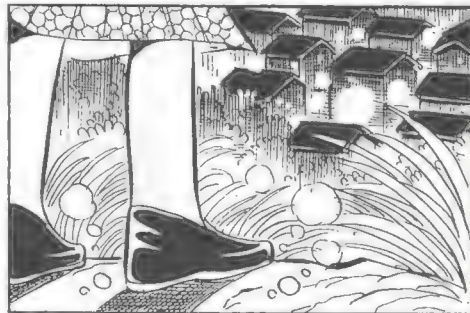
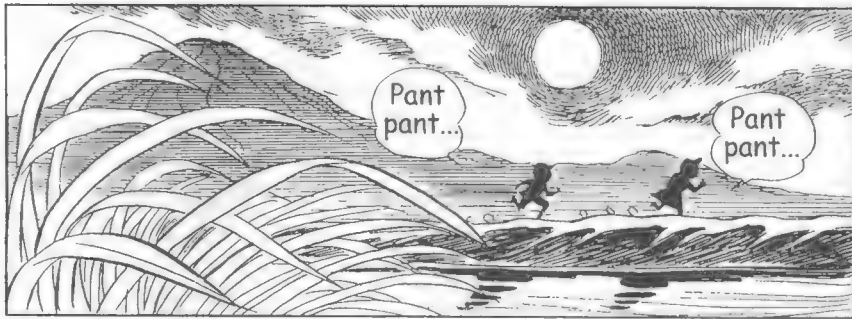
Well, if you gotta do it, do it right.

Now let's get going.

Yeah.











Hee hee!

Here I am!



I'm home, everybody.

That's right!



? ?



Who is this?

What a weird girl we have here.

Yes, yes.



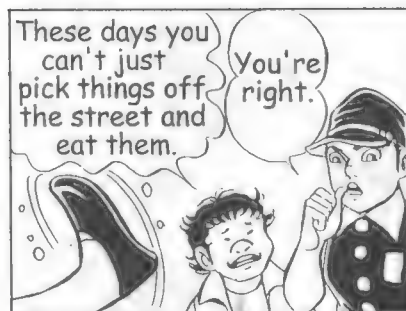
Oh no! Nooo!

Don't stare at me like that. You're embarrassing me!



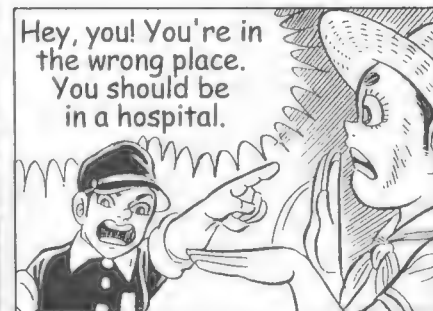
Gen, she's crazy.

Poor girl... She must have eaten some bad food and damaged her brain.



These days you can't just pick things off the street and eat them.

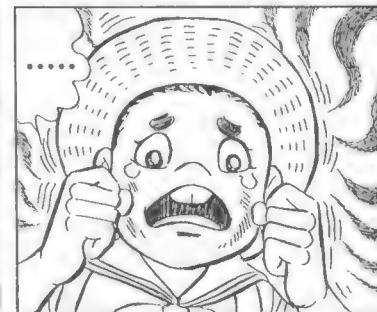
You're right.



Hey, you! You're in the wrong place. You should be in a hospital.



Why are you bugging us? Get out of here now. We have a sick person here. Be quiet. Go! Go!



.....

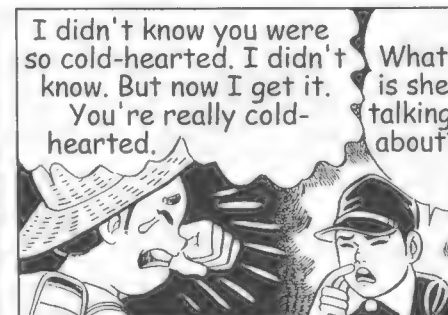


Boo hoo...



What now? She's started to cry.

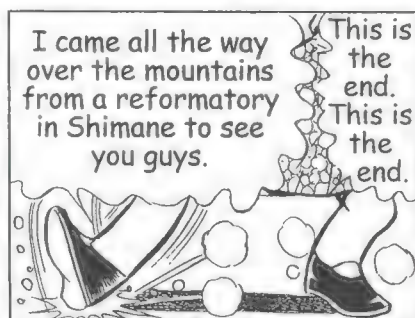
This is pretty serious.



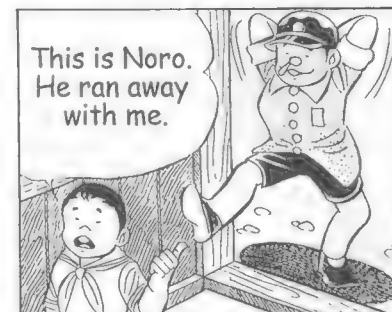
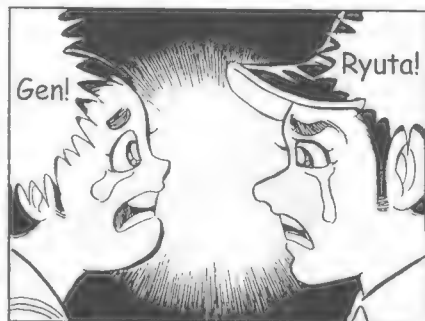
I didn't know you were so cold-hearted. I didn't know. But now I get it. You're really cold-hearted.

What is she talking about?





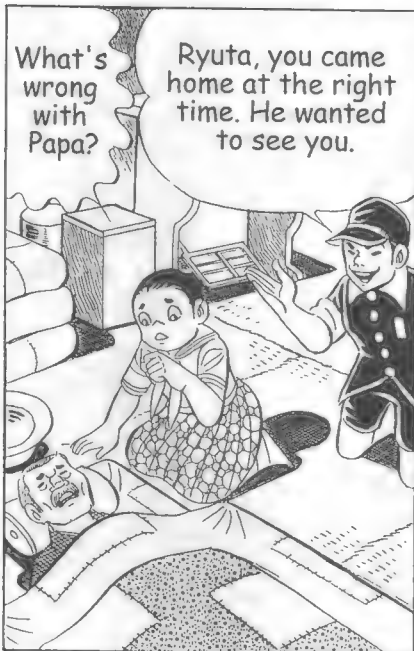








Gasp...  
pant...



What's  
wrong  
with  
Papa?

Ryuta, you came  
home at the right  
time. He wanted  
to see you.

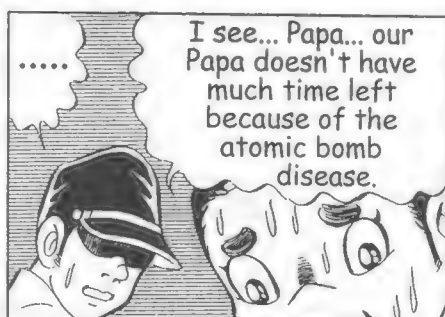
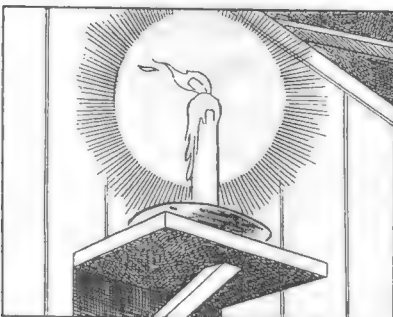


I'm sure his  
soul reached  
out and called  
you back.

What  
are you  
saying?



Well,  
actually,  
Ryuta...



.....  
I see... Papa... our  
Papa doesn't have  
much time left  
because of the  
atomic bomb  
disease.



Papa,  
it's me,  
Ryuta.

I'm  
home.

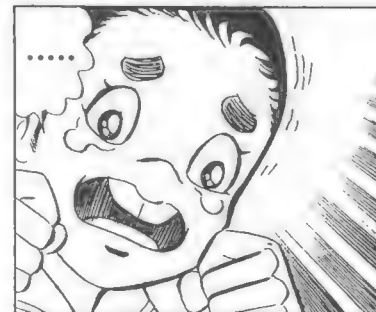


Papa,  
wake up!

I'm  
here.  
It's  
Ryuta.



Ryuta, he  
won't wake  
up. He's  
lost con-  
sciousness.



.....



D-dammit.  
Damn the  
atomic  
bomb...

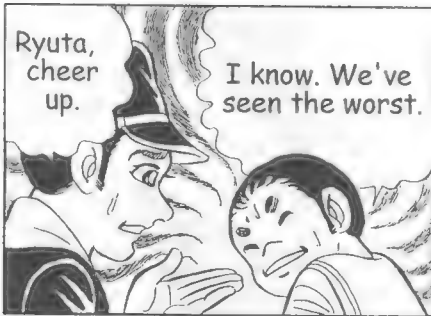
The bomb takes  
everything from  
us... everything  
we care about...



Damn...  
Damn...  
Damn...

.....





Ryuta, cheer up.

I know. We've seen the worst.



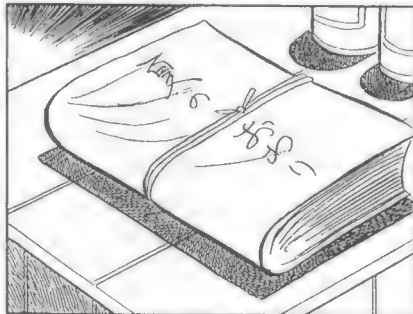
There can't be anything worse than this.

This has gotta be the bottom. All that's left for us is to climb up.

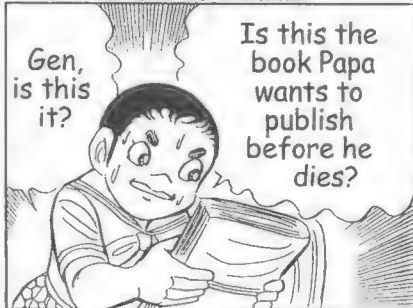


Papa, I'll make sure you go out in style!

Yeah, let's do it, Ryuta.

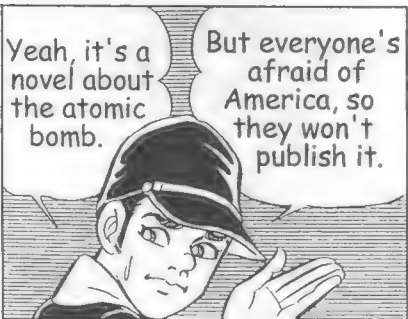


Title: The End of Summer



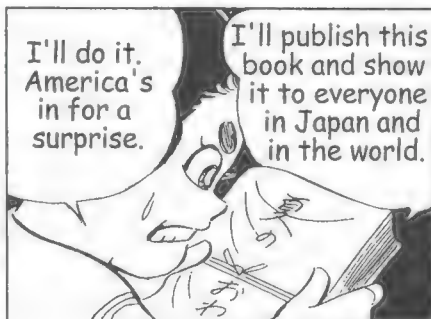
Gen, is this it?

Is this the book Papa wants to publish before he dies?



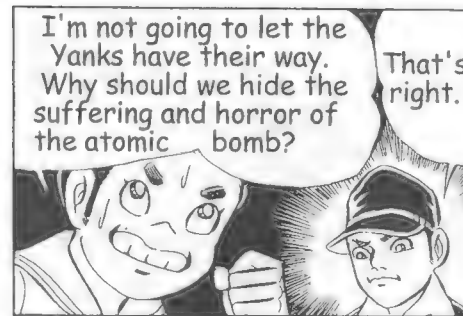
Yeah, it's a novel about the atomic bomb.

But everyone's afraid of America, so they won't publish it.



I'll do it. America's in for a surprise.

I'll publish this book and show it to everyone in Japan and in the world.



I'm not going to let the Yanks have their way. Why should we hide the suffering and horror of the atomic bomb?

That's right.



Papa, I'll do it. Just watch.



You hang in there.

Okay? Okay?



Hee hee... Katsuko, what are you doing? You're tickling me!

H A H A H A H A

I'm measuring your size.



I'll make some clothes for you, Ryuta. You can't stay in those, can you?

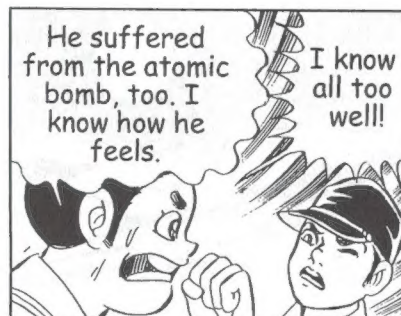
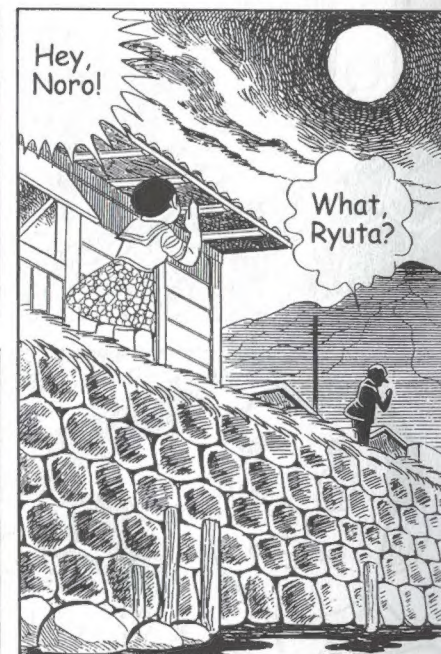
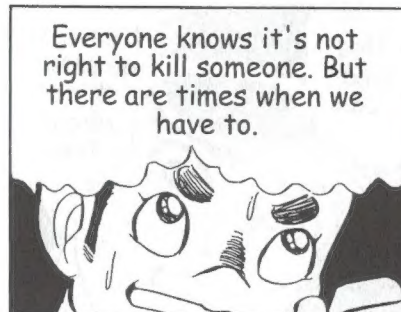
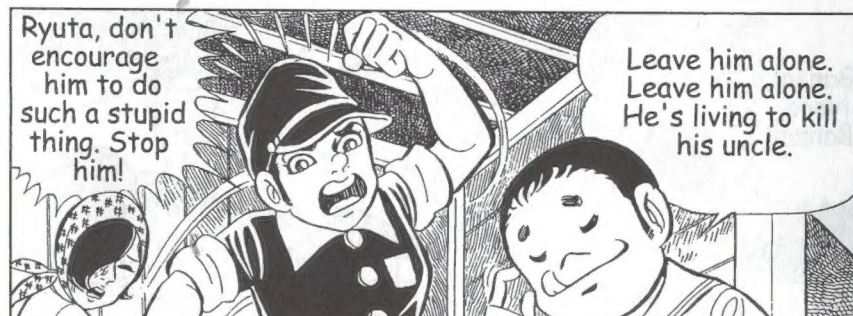
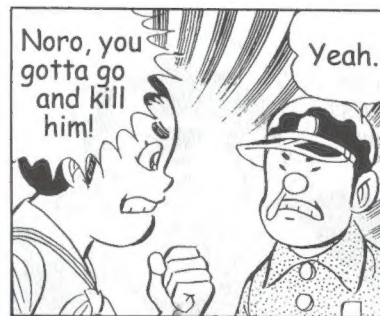
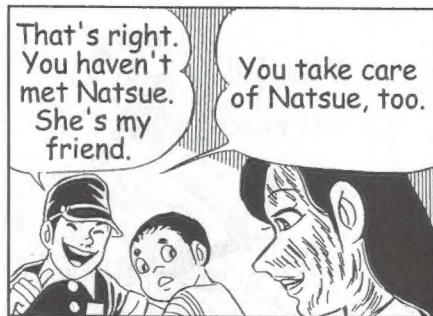
K-Katsuko!



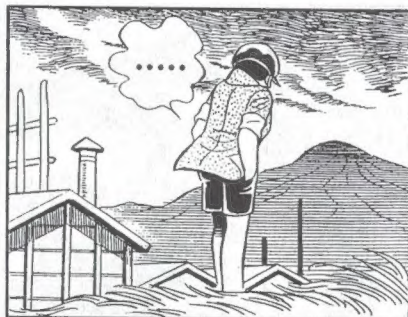
We bought a sewing machine. Natsue and I are going to open a clothing store.

Natsue?











# About Project Gen

Namie Asazuma  
Coordinator, Project Gen

In the pages of *Barefoot Gen*, Keiji Nakazawa brings to life a tragedy unlike any that had ever befallen the human race before. He does not simply depict the destructive horror of nuclear weapons, but tells of the cruel fate they visited upon victims and survivors in the years to come. Yet Gen, the young hero of this story, somehow manages to overcome one hardship after another, always with courage and humor. *Barefoot Gen's* tale of hope and human triumph in the face of nuclear holocaust has inspired volunteer translators around the world, as well as people working in a variety of other media. Over the years *Gen* has been made into a three-part live-action film, a feature-length animation film, an opera, and a musical.

The first effort to translate *Barefoot Gen* from the original Japanese into other languages began in 1976, when Japanese peace activists Masahiro Oshima and Yukio Aki walked across the United States as part of that year's Transcontinental Walk for Peace and Social Justice. Their fellow walkers frequently asked them about the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, and one of them happened to have a copy of *Hadashi no Gen* in his backpack. The Americans on the walk, astonished that an atomic bomb survivor had written about it in cartoon form, urged their Japanese friends to translate it into English. Upon returning to Japan, Oshima and Aki founded Project Gen, a non-profit, all-volunteer group of young Japanese and Americans living in Tokyo, to do just that. Project Gen went on to translate the first four volumes of *Barefoot Gen* into English. One or more of these volumes have also been published in French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Norwegian, Indonesian, Tagalog, and Esperanto.

By the 1990s Project Gen was no longer active. In the meantime, author Keiji Nakazawa had gone on to complete ten volumes of *Gen*, and expressed his wish to see the entire story made available to non-Japanese readers. Parts of the first four volumes had also been abridged in translation. A new generation of volunteers responded by reviving Project Gen and producing a new, complete and unabridged translation of the entire *Gen* series.

The second incarnation of Project Gen got its start in Moscow in 1994, when a Japanese student, Minako Tanabe, launched "Project Gen in Russia" to translate *Gen* into Russian. After pub-

lishing the first three volumes in Moscow, the project relocated to Kanazawa, Japan, where volunteers Yulia Tachino and Namie Asazuma had become acquainted with *Gen* while translating a story about Hiroshima into Russian. The Kanazawa volunteers, together with Takako Kanekura in Russia, completed Russian volumes 4 through 10 between 1999 and 2001.

In the spring of 2000, the Kanazawa group formally established a new Project Gen in Japan. Nine volunteers spent the next three years translating all ten volumes of *Gen* into English. The translators are Kazuko Futakuchi, Michael Gordon, Kyoko Honda, Yukari Kimura, Nobutoshi Kohara, Kiyoko Nishita, George Stenson, Michiko Tanaka, and Kazuko Yamada.

In 2002, author Keiji Nakazawa put the Kanazawa team in contact with Alan Gleason, a member of the first Project Gen, who introduced them to Last Gasp of San Francisco, publisher of the original English translation of *Gen*. Last Gasp agreed to publish the new, unabridged translation of all ten volumes, of which this book is one.

In the hope that humanity will never repeat the terrible tragedy of the atomic bombing, the volunteers of Project Gen want children and adults all over the world to hear Gen's story. Through translations like this one, we want to help Gen speak to people in different countries in their own languages. Our prayer is that *Barefoot Gen* will contribute in some small way to the abolition of nuclear weapons before this new century is over.

Write to Project Gen c/o Asazuma, Nagasaka 3-10-20, Kanazawa  
921-8112, Japan





Keiji Nakazawa lives with his wife in the suburbs of Tokyo, and remains actively involved in the work of the Project Gen volunteers. Now retired from cartooning, his most recent project was a live action film he wrote and directed about young people growing up in postwar Hiroshima. He is currently working on another film scenario.